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DAVID BENSMAN
The Capital Shortage Illusion

LARRY DIAMOND
Boom Time Along the Suez

TODD GITLIN: JOHN BERGER'S WAYS OF SEEING

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LETTERS

water for Indians

Phoenix, Ariz.

We are the general counsel for the Navajo Nation. As such, it is appropriate to point out that Philip Reno, in "The Navajos: High, Dry & Penniless" [*The Nation*, Mar.29], makes at least one fundamental error. He writes:

> The United States agreed to construct a dam and irrigation system to provide 508,000 acre-feet of San Juan water for Navajo "agricultural and related development." *In exchange, the Navajo Tribe agreed to relinquish its Winters Doctrine rights above the 508,000 acre-feet, so the water could be diverted from the San Juan to the Rio Grande River for Albuquerque and other users.* (Emphasis added.)

The Navajo Nation did not and has not relinquished any Winters Doctrine rights in the San Juan River. In fact, the Act creating the Navajo Indian Irrigation Project (P.L. 87-483, June 13, 1962) specifically provided that neither the project nor the water provided for the project in any way created or satisfied federal "preferential" rights to water of the Navajo Tribe. . . .

Lawrence A. Ruzow
Brown, Vlassis & Bain

Shiprock, N.M.

I am simply delighted that general counsel for the Navajo Tribe are insisting that the tribe has not relinquished its Winters Doctrine water rights. Their work will help the Indians withstand efforts currently underway by state of New Mexico and Department of Interior officials to cut back on Indian water rights. My article's account of these efforts is, I am reasonably sure, quite accurate.

Philip Reno

real lesson

New York City

Foremost among "The Real Lessons of Vietnam" writes David Edwards [*The Nation*, May 10] . . . [is] the "disproof of the efficiency of military force in situations of political conflict." True enough, but not enough. . . .

In my view, the national derailment derives from the politics of anti-communism, domestically known as McCarthyism, greatly resembling fascism. . . . Edwards' analysis merely rejects military means in favor of political or economic weapons to the same end. Moreover, he stops short of describing constructive alternatives.

If military adventures against nationalist rebellions that comprise Socialist and Communist components are to be eschewed, and the nuclear holocaust among the great powers is to be avoided by détente, why not slash the military budget drastically and negotiate toward disarmament? Or must we preserve our military prowess just in case the politics of anti-communism requires its use?

Obviously, the arms budget cuts of 7 per cent to 9 per cent, as currently proposed in Congress, hardly permits reordering national priorities. . . . A National Manpower and Resources Planning Council for converting arms production to public purposes looms as a first national necessity.

Sylvia E. Crane

letter from inside

Marion, Ill.

Another death at Marion!

Last night, Paul Duhart was "found" hung in his cage in the long-term control unit at the U.S. Penitentiary at Marion. This control unit claimed its second victim! How many more must die before this monster is halted?

Delays come every week, while people die—physically and mentally—daily. It is a game of politics to outsiders while to insiders it is a matter of life and death.

Paul Duhart was a Black Muslim prisoner confined in the long-term control unit here. This unit is a behavior modification program. Stop behavior modification!

Eddie Sanchez (No. 18827-175)
Federal Prisoners Coalition

EDITORIALS

Tough Talk, Tough Action

The Administration's burst of tough talk, tough action in the wake of the collapse of Vietnam is hard to understand, since the policy of détente has fared better than might have been anticipated. The tough action of the *Mayagüez* incident becomes more bizarre in retrospect as new facts are disclosed. But both before and since that action, the President, Kissinger and Schlesinger have been warning all and sundry not to test our resolve, despite the fact that no one seems inclined to do so. Schlesinger has said that we would not show the same "restraint" in South Korea, should trouble erupt there, that we showed in Vietnam; "more vigorous" action would be taken. What this implies is made clear in a dispatch from Seoul by Sam Jameson of the *Los Angeles Times*, in which he quotes an unnamed U.S. officer as saying that we would doubtless use tactical nuclear weapons rather than deploy "a lot of U.S. divisions." The President keeps warning the universe that we are tough and ready. On the eve of his visit to Madrid, he tried to get Spain into NATO, while suggesting that Portugal might be ousted if it has "a significant Communist element" in the government. At the same time, Kissinger keeps warning his amiable Russian opposite numbers not to test his reflexes, although he does not cite any specific provocations. All three—Schlesinger, Ford and Kissinger—want to strengthen our "flanks" in the Mediterranean, meaning Turkey and Spain, at almost any price, and they oppose troop reductions in Europe and elsewhere even as our European allies cut their defense spending.

Yet the record on détente, if one may judge by surface events, does not justify this apprehension and the truculent talk it generates. The Russians and the Chinese have not tried to goad us about Vietnam; quite the contrary. The Soviets have, in fact, lost ideological prestige because of their obvious eagerness *not* to offend us. Instead of responding to the post-Vietnam warnings of Ford, Schlesinger and Kissinger, they have replied instead to Gov. George Wallace and Sen. James Buckley! In the midst of all the bullyragging coming from Washington, items like the following can still be culled from the press, although they are seldom headlined:

> Soviet scientists concede that we did pioneer work in magnetohydrodynamics and are quite willing to share their recent findings with us.
>
> Technological exchanges are increasing; thirty-eight agreements, in such fields as chemistry, metallurgy and consumer goods, have been negotiated in the last three years.
>
> Soviet and American scientists are cooperating on cancer research; the Russian discovery of a link between chloroprene and cancer has stimulated much interest here.
>
> Soviet sailors are well received in Boston and American sailors are enthusiastically greeted in Leningrad.
>
> U.S. and Soviet film makers are producing their first joint venture, a film now being shot in Leningrad.
>
> The Soviet's Scythian gold exhibit draws crowds at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the latter's ex-

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change collection is attracting large galleries of viewers in Leningrad.

Interviewed at UCLA, Dr. Aleksandr Voronel, a Russian-Jewish scientist who finally won his release from the Soviet Union last year, says of the Soviets that they are now more willing to recognize human rights than they were a few years ago. As he sees it, "the process is irreversible; they can't stop emigration now."

The final go-ahead has been given for the Apollo-Soyuz space link-up, scheduled for July 15.

Soviet historians now, for the first time, concede that the Wrights were the first to fly!

But more important than these and similar items are certain political signs, such as, for example, the departure of Shelepin, a hard-liner and one of the most senior members, from the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party; the removal took place at a plenary session of the Party's Central Committee devoted to foreign affairs, and that was probably intended to underline its importance. There are signs, too, that the Soviets, far from gloating over the distressed state of the American economy, are worried about the possible effect of American inflation on future Soviet-U.S. trade. They seem anxious to avoid trouble in the Middle East. No doubt there are a number of reasons why Syria unexpectedly agreed to a six-months' extension of the peacekeeping force on the Golan Heights —Syrian-Iraqi tensions, Lebanese-Palestinian disputes, etc.—but it is a fair inference that the Russians did not oppose and may have encouraged the extension. A correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* reports that diplomats in Lisbon see no signs that Moscow is directing or encouraging a militant policy by the local Communists; on the contrary, as they see it, a swift Communist takeover in Lisbon, even if it were possible, would hinder more important Soviet objectives in Europe, such as the East-West European security conference.

Against this background, we warn and scowl and threaten, even as news is leaked that for many years we have violated Russian territorial waters by the use of specially equipped electronic submarines for espionage purposes. The sources of these leaks—as reported by Seymour M. Hersh in *The New York Times*—feel that the information sought could be acquired by less dangerous and provocative means and, besides, has no place in the current atmosphere of détente.

So why is the threesome of Ford, Kissinger and Schlesinger bent on being so frightful? Is it a reaction of frustration to the war in Vietnam or, as they insist, merely a desire to place everyone on notice that our spirits are high, our resolve strong and our willingness to intervene in troubled areas overseas still unimpaired? Perhaps their tough talk is based on some combination of these and other considerations. But it is also a calculated attempt to appeal to the always latent martial ardor of the American people and to appease domestic conservative opinion —specifically, the right wing of the Republican Party— all by way of setting the stage for the 1976 election. The Russians have not been provocative nor have the Chinese, who would have reason to resent the slow progress toward full recognition. So most of the talk about our not being a "paper tiger" and the like is addressed, if not exclusively, to Goldwater, Reagan, other right-wing Re-

IN THIS ISSUE

June 7, 1975

EDITORIALS

674
677 Julian Huxley—A Personal Memoir — *Corliss Lamont*

ARTICLES

678 Sunday on the Sheep Meadow: Last Rally of "The Movement" — *Robert Karen*
680 Egypt Rebuilds: Boom Time Along the Suez — *Larry Diamond*
684 The Capital Shortage Illusion — *David Bensman*
687 Democratic Perplexities: The Wallace-Kennedy Hang-up — *Al Gordon*
690 New Assumptions, New Problems: Notes for a Foreign Policy — *Judith M. Hughes & H. Stuart Hughes*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

693 Berger: Ways of Seeing — *Todd Gitlin*
694 Rader: Blood Dues — *Sam Blazer*
695 Western (poem) — *Julian Cohn*
697 Erikson: Dimensions of a New Identity — *Paul Roazen*
698 Theatre — *Rose Mary Mechem*
700 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*
701 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*
702 Films — *Robert Hatch*
702 At the Cliffs of Moher (poem) — *James Cole*

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publicans—and hawks in general. These elements may not frighten our enemies but, to paraphrase what the Duke of Wellington said about some raw recruits, they seem to frighten the hell out of Ford.

'Now Is Not the Right Time'

The inability of our overwhelming military power to achieve even limited overseas political objectives should have been demonstrated in Vietnam. Of course we can bomb the whey out of the Cambodians any day of the week, but our power to do so did not save American policy from a disastrous defeat in Indochina. Yet exactly the contrary conclusion has been drawn by the Democratically controlled Congress. In the first post-Vietnam test of attitudes on defense policy, the House, by a vote of 311 to 95, rejected Rep. Ronald Dellums' resolution that would have required a modest 70,000-man reduction in the 416,500 U.S. troops stationed overseas. It also defeated, by a vote of 216 to 183, an amendment offered by Rep. Les Aspin that would have cut $1.9 billion from a bill authorizing $26.5 billion in new weapons procurement and development programs. Not even the infusion of seventy-five freshmen Democrats in the House was able to prevent this retreat from reason, for retreat is in fact what the vote represents. Last year Rep. Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., the Majority Leader, offered in cooperation with Mr. Dellums an amendment to reduce overseas troop personnel by 100,000; that amendment lost by a vote of 240 to 163. Is the danger to this country's security greater now, at the end of the war in Vietnam, than it was when that war was still being waged?

The most thoughtful answer is provided by Representative O'Neill who admits that he has changed his position. Of the Dellums amendment he says that it is the right amendment at the wrong time. "The whole world is troubled. We ourselves, the United States, our ship of state is in the middle of a turbulent sea." In other words—and how many times have we heard it before?—"now is not the right time." Oddly enough, the sentiment for cuts in the military budget always varies, not with the external military situation, realistically assessed but rather with the assessment of domestic political risks. In this instance, all the President needed to do in order to demoralize if not rout the opposition was to bomb the Cambodians, order a rescue under fire and start talking tough. "This is no time to diminish U.S. troop strength abroad," intoned Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—and Mansfield has for many years advocated reducing overseas American military strength.

The Dellums amendment was both realistic and modest. It was not aimed at weakening this country's NATO commitments. What he proposed were slight cuts in the number of U.S. troops in Thailand, South Korea, the Philippines, Taiwan, Bermuda, Cuba (Guantánamo) and Morocco, reductions that might save between $2 billion and $3 billion in defense funds. The Majority Leader in the House readily conceded that the current reason for keeping U.S. troops in South Korea is to prevent the South from attacking the North. He also admitted that we have 52,000 troops in Japan because we are reluctant to see Japan rearm. Even Secretary of Defense Schlesinger concedes that the U.S. troops in South Korea cannot be justified on military grounds but rather as "a political presence." But a weak military presence can hardly be justified as an effective political presence. The fact is that we are overextended in terms of our ability to honor existing commitments short of using nuclear weapons. The argument, "now is not the right time," is the perennial excuse offered by those who like to talk about slashing the military budget and then, precisely when it would seem that the time was right in military terms, capitulate for political reasons.

In this instance it was obvious from the debate that many members had quickly concluded that President Ford had struck the popular note when he chose to "show the flag." It was less clear but nevertheless evident that some members were more concerned about the depression and jobs than about the actual military situation. They would be well-advised to read Bruce Russett's *What Price Vigilance?*, which adds new support to Seymour Melman's insistence that arms spending has, overall, a negative impact on the economy. Russett's study shows that as military spending increases, expenditures on vital domestic services, durable goods, etc., drop by definite percentages. It also demonstrates that military spending creates fewer jobs per billion dollars disbursed than any other government spending except for the space program.

So, in terms of domestic needs and the economy generally, now is an excellent time to reduce military spending and implement domestic programs long deferred. But if such a modest proposal as Dellums' can be voted down so easily at a time when both domestic and foreign realities should strengthen the argument for it, one is forced to recognize that the level of military spending is not determined by rational debate. Whenever the prospects brighten, fears reassail us, in much the way that an alcoholic who has been trying to cut back suddenly falls off the wagon out of fear that he might finally break the habit. High on the list of real dangers that threaten modern democracies, as against the imagined dangers, is widespread endemic susceptibility to demagoguery of the superpatriotic variety.

Ancient Malady

Last year *The Nation* carried an editorial ("A Movement to Watch," May 4, 1974) about the posse comitatus movement which even then had been growing in the Pacific Northwest for some years. The editorial was based on reports from Eugene and Medford, Ore., and Spokane, Wash. Recently (May 26), *Newsweek* carried a report about the movement from Stockton, Calif. The posse comitatus groups have a fondness for firearms and attempt, every now and then, to make citizen arrests and return "indictments" against public officials issued by so-called "Citizens' Grand Juries." The membership is, of course, white, largely working class, and overlaps, in many communities, such groups as the National Association to Keep and Bear Arms. Similar organizations have sprung up in Midwest communities—Du Page County, Illinois and Marathon County, Wisconsin and elsewhere.

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Recent news reports also indicate that the KKK is experiencing a revival of sorts, not merely in Southern and Border States but in Indiana and parts of Illinois and New York. *New Times* carried a story last month of a Klan meeting in Windham Center, Pa., at which the crowd chanted: "Who drives Cadillacs? Niggers. Who sells Cadillacs? Jews. And who makes Cadillacs? Catholics." It is of course impossible to estimate the membership of the Klan but the FBI concedes privately that it is growing. Women are playing a more active role in the organization. One of them recited a Klan poem when interviewed by Judy Klemesrud of *The New York Times* (May 22):

Black is beautiful,
Tan is grand;
But white is the color
of the big boss man

"That's the truth," she said, smiling broadly, "and that's the way it's always gonna be."

Such epidemics of nuttiness reflect an ancient, deep-seated malady: aggressive nativism laced with violence. The afflicted are always "Christians," white, addicted to secrecy, anti-black and anti-Semitic and, more often than not, working class or lower middle class in origin. In the wake of Watergate and Vietnam, and in the midst of the current depression, it seems entirely probable that we are in for another outbreak. Such movements are like an undulant fever; how far and how fast the fever or virus spreads depends more on the state of health of the society than on other considerations. It is too early to say whether this latest contagion will have much of a run, but on the basis of past experience and given the low state of public morale, it will bear watching.

Alien Concepts

Like the pollution-laden smog that inevitably follows an urban rush hour on a hot, muggy day, the continued downturn of the national economy seems to be bringing with it an increasing number of distortion-laden "investigative" reports in the corporate media on illegal immigrants. In a perceptive study written with the support of The Alicia Patterson Foundation, Susan Jacoby has shown just how uninformative most of these reports are and how, though in effect often little more than boosters for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, they disguise themselves as bona-fide journalism.

With the exception of a few rare, first-hand accounts of what it's like to live in America illegally, Jacoby notes that most stories tend to be second-hand rehashings of INS handouts and scare stories, with supporting (and sometimes conflicting) analyses from people whose work puts them in contact with a small aspect of what is essentially a national—and in some ways international—situation. "It is important for the press to acknowledge that there are no reliable statistics on the dimension of the problem," she concludes, after more than a year of study. She says the media have been uncritically perpetuating the myth that illegal immigrants displace American workers from desirable jobs or are taxing social services by going on welfare. With usually one or two spicy anecdotes that appear to support the generalizations but rarely with first-hand study to give any indication that the generalizations are valid, that the anecdote is anything more than an isolated incident—the media have created the impression of an illegal immigrant threat that has not been shown to be consistent with any facts. Citing the work of Leroy Aarons of *The Washington Post* as a notable exception, Jacoby says that much of what she has seen in the media contradicts her primary research. "During the past eighteen months, I have interviewed many illegal immigrants but I have seldom found one with a 'good job' by ordinary American standards," she writes, and, "In my experience, both legal and illegal immigrants have a strong 'work ethic' and are extremely reluctant to accept welfare benefits of any kind. . . . Illegal aliens are not likely to show up at Welfare offices even if they would like to apply for benefits. Every contact with an official agency increases the chances that the immigrant might be picked up by the INS."

Jacoby's work does much to discredit a few widespread illusions on the subject. In a review in *The Washington Post* she has noted that, whatever the number of illegal immigrants coming to America, there are each year 400,000 *legal* entrants to the country. Some 700,000 have come from Cuba alone since the revolution there. A study of the identity of the legal as opposed to illegal entrants might say quite a bit about American foreign policy and the government's conception of the role of the nation as a haven for the oppressed, as well as that role's relation to corporate demand for cheap—meaning safely exploitable—labor. If the matter is insoluble, as it appears to be, why the sensational media attention? If it is insoluble, why? The issues raised by illegal immigration are not simple; the causes of this inward flow seem to reach out as far as the nation's foreign policies and reach inward as deep as its economic system. As Jacoby points out, facile analysis is no way to approach the matter. And truly investigative reporting, it seems, has only just begun.

Julian Huxley—A Personal Memoir

June 22nd is the birth date of a man who contributed seminal ideas on many of the important questions of our century. On Sir Julian Huxley's death early in 1975, *The New York Times* stated that he "ranged over all of natural science with the perfection of a savant and ebullience of a schoolboy."

It is these qualities among others that I was extraordinarily fortunate to experience at first-hand for full fifty years. After graduating from Harvard in June of 1924, I

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continued my studies for another year at New College, Oxford, where I was assigned lodgings in the house of Julian Huxley and his wife, Juliette.

Huxley was then 37. I soon came to value him as a scientist of brilliant intellect, profound learning and compassion for his fellowmen—characteristics that remained with him all his life. Through the years he and I had a lively correspondence. His last letter to me, in longhand like all the others, came in October 1974, with a remarkable poem, "Beethoven's Missa Solemnis in Ely Cathedral," written the preceding summer and just then published in the *New Statesman.* In the margin, Sir Julian had scribbled: "My dear Corliss, a little return, tho' in another media, a poem, the 1st I've written for 42 years—looking into my subconscious late at night. So I kept up with the C. [for "Cultural"] in UNESCO. J.S.H." [Huxley was the first director-general of UNESCO.] Some lines from the poem:

The music swells, choir and singers united in
difference
The singing invades the nave, joins the organ,
soars aloft
It sweeps the clerestory, then rises
To where the wings of stone centre on their
sculptured groining,
To fill the whole cathedral.

In 1924-25 at Oxford, Huxley and I did not talk much about philosophy, so it gave me much satisfaction to find later that our intellectual analysis had led us independently to adopt the same general position of naturalistic Humanism, with its rejection of belief in God, personal immortality or any other form of supernaturalism. "Man's destiny," said Sir Julian, "is to make possible a maximum fulfillment for the greatest number of human beings."

On the controversial issue of freedom of choice versus determinism, Humanists tend to differ, but Huxley and I agreed that free choice, however limited by an objective situation, is operative at the moment of decision between two or more considered alternatives. When my *Freedom of Choice Affirmed* was published in 1967, he commented: "I am so glad that you have argued in such a convincing way against the mindless determinists. As you rightly say, there are a number of possibilities open to life, both in its evolutionary course and especially in man's history, since he has the mental capacity to weigh alternatives in the light of past experience, as well as of their possible future effects."

He not only wrote and lectured on Humanism but participated in organizational activities to advance that viewpoint, supporting both the British and American Humanist Associations and becoming president of the First International Congress on Humanism in Amsterdam (1952), which established the International Humanist and Ethical Union (IHEU). Sir Julian was among the signers of *Humanist Manifesto II* (1973), a major document that received much attention in the press throughout the world, carried on notable work on behalf of population control and ecological values as part of the Humanist program, and became, long before his death, the foremost spokesman for Humanism in the world.

In a simple ceremony with only the family and a few friends present, Sir Julian's ashes were interred March 3 in the Huxley plot on a hillside in the burial ground of the Watts Memorial Chapel at the village of Compton, Surrey. In the words of Lady Juliette Huxley in a letter to me, "It is a very peaceful, secret place, with great trees, near his old home at Godalming." Sir Julian's father, mother and younger brother, Aldous, are buried in the same plot.

Few individuals in this 20th century have led lives as unceasingly creative and fruitful, for their country and for the world at large, as Julian Huxley. We must rejoice that such a splendid human being could and did exist. A memorial meeting will be held on June 8 at 5 P.M. in the Ethical Culture Auditorium, New York City.

Corliss Lamont

SUNDAY ON THE SHEEP MEADOW

LAST RALLY OF 'THE MOVEMENT'

ROBERT KAREN

On Sunday, May 11, the peace movement finally came to the end of its Long March as thousands of veteran activists drifted onto the Sheep Meadow in New York's Central Park to celebrate the end of Indochinese warfare. "I'm not sure if it's a graduation ceremony or a reunion," laughed one participant, but either way the sentiment, perhaps best expressed by Harry Belafonte, was the same: "It's so great to be standing here receiving the rewards of all those years of protest."

Most of those present had devoted some portion of their lives over the past decade to the anti-war movement. Toward the end many, perhaps most, had drifted away from protest, simmering down to an occasional letter to a Congressman or a token contribution to the War Resisters League; still, Vietnam continued to occupy some crucial part of our psyches—even if, like a wound that refused to heal, it was a sealed-off part, one that could no longer endure newspaper or TV accounts of the war.

Sadly, the peace movement was denied the celebration it deserved. (How we could have thundered seven years ago if LBJ had announced a troop pull-out in addition to his own!) The final convocation was anticlimactic, nostalgic and sentimental.

Although many a tired old pacifist battle-ax was no doubt prepared to lay down his ideological arms and

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return to hearth and home, the propaganda machines were out in force, urging a renewed struggle against a variety of domestic ills. "Our General Thieu is still in the White House!" warned Dave Dellinger, while groups running the spectrum from Fight Back (an organization of New York City minority construction workers) to the Oglala Sioux appealed to the activists for renewed commitments. The question, *Now What?* wafted gently through the crowd along with the ubiquitous smell of roasting peanuts and hot dogs.

It was a lovely day for a demonstration, breezy and bright with temperatures in the high seventies. A good day for Central Park (where many of the first draft cards had been burned) and for meeting friends and acquaintances, just as we had done in the old days. "Who can remember November 15 at the Washington Memorial in 1969?" cried Cora Weiss, directing the ceremonies. "And who played there? Richie Havens!" Havens and the other entertainers came on to huge applause, like actors taking their bows at the play's end. Phil Ochs sang, *I Ain't A-Marchin' Any More.* Joan Baez and Peter Yarrow did several movement anthems, including *The Great Mandala* and *Blowin' in the Wind.* Odetta sang *If I Had a Hammer*; Paul Simon, *Bridge over Troubled Water.* Each song aroused waves of emotional recognition.

Many of us wandered about gathering one last sense of the political force which to one degree or another had grown into the sinews of our lives. Despite our cacophonous political divisions, a tranquil, generous spirit prevailed. To the park's springtime flourishes, we added balloons and colorful banners which everywhere adorned the skyline. Belafonte reminded us of movement heroes like Martin Luther King who were lost along the way. Some of us thought back to past demonstrations, from the lonely Times Square vigils of 1964 and 1965 to the magnificent 400,000-person Easter Sunday march on the U.N. in the spring of 1967—launched right here in the Sheep Meadow. That was the day when King declared his opposition to the war, a move many of his associates viewed with alarm.

This was not the same lonely little movement that had gone out after Madame Nhu twelve years ago; or the same large and buoyant movement that burned incense and smoked pot nine years ago; or the same desperate movement that attacked the Pentagon eight years ago; or the same bitter and dutiful movement that marched on Nixon's second inaugural two years ago. More confident of its place in American politics and no longer concerned with making the right impression on the press or "Middle America," the peace movement that gathered in the Sheep Meadow was less defensive, less inspirational—and less optimistic than it once had been. In the course of its long campaign, it had also developed consummate organizing skills. That Sunday the evidence was everywhere, from the careful registration of all cash collectors to the telephone hookup with Provisional Revolutionary Government officials in Montreal (who, for whatever it was worth, addressed the crowd in Vietnamese).

Though no one was really in the mood, the event provided a natural moment to assess the condition and future of social protest in the United States. We had come a long way, that was clear. In the early 1960s anti-war protest was the domain of a handful of pacifists, ban-the-bombers and old leftists, who were ignored or ridiculed by the average citizen and by the press, and who found it enormously difficult to arrange coalitions among themselves. The first mildly favorable editorial I recall, which appeared in the *Boston Globe* in the winter of 1965, sent shudders of glee through the old "peace ghetto" at 5 Beekman Street near City Hall. That was also the year when the students first became involved in a big way. Then in the following months the movement stretched and grew and expanded so fast, in so many directions, that it profoundly altered not only American politics but the inner core of people who launched it and the society as a whole. Throughout the tumult of the 1960s the anti-war movement served as the common denominator and launching pad for all the other pursuits—from psychedelia to George McGovern.

Today what we call "the movement" has grown to encompass everything from sexual liberation to environmentalism, but along with growth there has also been dispersal. The enlarged, all-purpose movement that emerged from the 1960s was finally dragged apart and exhausted by the endless heartbreaking quests. No one found Nirvana.

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Although we may not like to admit it—and no matter how much the Sheep Meadow speakers tried to deny it by reaffirming that we had been responsible for America's withdrawal from Vietnam—the movement today has no unifying purpose and is spiritually spent.

Clearly the anti-war element met its match in Richard Nixon. The man had what Lyndon Johnson lacked—an ability to abandon all allegiance to the truth and engage in the most ruthless form of political street fighting. He could not be embarrassed; he could not be forced to compromise. While it is true that he finally undid himself by abandoning the foundation that some contact with the solid ground of fact provides, Nixon's years in the Presidency had been partly dedicated to wearing us into the ground, and in this he succeeded more than we like to admit.

His greatest triumph over the peace movement came at the very moment of his surrender—extricating American forces while monopolizing the news with his disgusting exploitation of the POWs and continuing the war by proxy through Vietnamization. The Paris accords were a low and melancholy time in American politics, the nation devoid of a single leader who could offer the public an assessment of the United States' tragic involvement in Vietnam and of its withdrawal.

The tortuous history of the war and of the domestic opposition simply did not allow for the kind of jubilant victory celebration that some might have hoped for. Instead, a relaxed spirit of thanksgiving prevailed. Although Joan Baez reassured the crowd that the Vietnamese were celebrating, and therefore it was O.K. for us to do the same, her very reassurance emphasized our sense of political enervation. The war had dragged on too long. The little country, barely four-fifths the size of California, had endured more than we could comprehend.

The sinister twist in Vietnam was that the United States (and to some extent the major Communist powers)—with a size and resources all out of proportion to the theatre of conflict—was able to create and endlessly revivify a war machine that could not otherwise have been sustained. The war just went on and on in a cruel and inhuman way. Even the ending was messy as U.S. planes carried away frightened, confused or guilty Vietnamese and our country arched its back to the incoming refugees.

Finally, despite all the credit due it, the peace movement could only feel peripheral to the war's end. The torch had long ago passed into the hands of Congressmen, editors and other elements of the Establishment who were influenced by us—much as the torch of the Southern guerrillas had passed into the hands of the North Vietnamese Army.

Where do we go from here? The country is different from what it was during the Kennedy years. No one is about to pack it up the way so many ban-the-bombers did after the Test Ban Treaty in 1963. Skepticism and cynicism about the policies and purpose of all branches of the Establishment have replaced indifference, faith and reverence. The broad, protest-inclined portion of the population is filled with an idealistic and pessimistic grumpiness which has great potential energy but which will not be easily harnessed. The big question is: Can we move from united protest to united demands for specific programs? Except for authoritarian movements operating under extreme circumstances of national decay, it has always been much easier to unite against an evil than for a commonly perceived good. In Central Park Dellinger expressed the hope that the women's movement would provide the energy and direction needed to sustain a campaign of that sort. Nonetheless, finding a positive cause as unifying as the Vietnamese issue will be an elusive goal.

From this perspective, the quiescent years of the 1970s might be seen as a time for activists to pull back and reassess their direction. But whatever the final epithet for this period, the last gathering of the peace tribe in the Sheep Meadow will be remembered as one of its more touching moments. □

EGYPT REBUILDS

BOOM TIME ALONG THE SUEZ

LARRY DIAMOND

Cairo, Egypt

A few stumpy palm trees struggling to grow out of the dusty rubble, and here and there a Mediterranean red-tile roof standing atop the burned-out shell of a house—these are all that remain of the once pleasant community of Port Taufiq. Before the 1967 war with Israel, 80,000 Egyptians lived in this suburb of Suez City, where the Suez Canal Authority had its headquarters. Now it is ruined and completely abandoned, a symbol of the gigantic reconstruction task Egypt is facing along its war-battered canal zone.

Larry Diamond, a member of the graduate program in sociology at Stanford University, has just completed a six-month tour of five developing nations.

But some two years have passed since the fateful canal crossing which silenced the Israeli cannons that had been pounding away from the Sinai, and now, on the other edge of Suez City, another kind of symbol is rising rapidly in the desert. In three eight-hour shifts each day, workmen are rushing to complete a sprawling complex of attractive pink stucco and stone apartment buildings. Nine different companies, 11,000 men and $30 million of Saudi Arabian oil revenues are working to construct King Faisal City, a model residential community that will ultimately house 24,000 people. It is to be only the first of many such projects in Egypt, part of a development scheme designed to remake the Suez Canal Zone into a major center of world commerce, transform its beaches into one of the world's top resort attractions, and catapult its economy into the front ranks of Third World industrial powers.

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Behind the grandiose rebuilding schemes is a short, squat, intense businessman with a gift for visionary planning and a military-command flair for getting things done in a hurry. When Osman Ahmed Osman, the largest private contractor in the Arab world, moved in as Egypt's Minister of Reconstruction a year and a half ago, he brought with him sweeping authority from President Sadat to by-pass the swollen bureaucracy and run his ministry as he did his business. Now the results of this unorthodox arrangement are beginning to emerge.

In the last year or more, roads, houses, water supply, sewage and power systems have been sufficiently restored in the cities of the canal zone to enable the war refugees to return to the region. In some cases, the massive construction projects underway have attracted populations larger than those of the pre-1967 war. Port Said, at the northern end of the canal, now has 310,000 people, 50,000 more than its pre-war level. Ismailia's population stands today at 180,000—40,000 more than it once had.

The long-range development plan for the canal zone is staggeringly ambitious; it will require $10 billion in the next five years to re-create Port Said, Ismailia and Suez City as jet-age commercial, industrial and tourist centers, linked by six-lane highways and modern rail lines running through a 100-mile strip of new industries and agricultural plots that will extend all the way down both sides of the canal. The immediate goals are to revitalize the economy and relieve the crippling human pressure on Cairo, and Osman thinks it possible to complete half of the major long-range projects within five years. This year alone $1.5 billion is scheduled for investment in the infrastructure and housing needed to support the new economic life of the area. By the year's end, the dozen consulting firms now drawing up specific master plans for each city will have completed their work, and construction of the new manufacturing plants will begin.

Most of those plants will be in the ultra-modern new free zone areas to be established in Suez and Port Said at either end of the canal. They are intended to lure industry and trade with freedom from taxes and customs, special investment credits, cheap labor, strategic location and only a token tariff for use of the harbors. Massive expansion of each harbor will soon begin, at a cost of $400 million, to prepare them for the vastly increased traffic.

Minister Osman plans to concentrate in Suez and Port Said the types of industry for which raw materials lie in abundance within easy reach. Thus Suez City will be a major center for oil refining, mineral and fish processing and the production of cement, fertilizer and petrochemicals. Port Said, which will have its urban area increased sevenfold, will feature shipbuilding, textiles and fishing-related industries, as well as manufacturing and assembly plants.

In addition, Osman envisions Port Said, with access to both canal and the Mediterranean, becoming one of the major trading centers of the world. Already several African countries have submitted proposals to build storage depots there for their cocoa, timber and other exports. "Where else on earth," asks one economic planner with a gleam in his eye, "could you find a better site to link the markets of Europe, Africa and the Far East?"

Ismailia is to be developed into a major tourist and resort center, growing around the unspoiled beaches of Lake Timsah in the canal. It will also become the agro-industrial center of Egypt. Half a million acres of desert land will be reclaimed around it and dedicated to a style of agriculture new to Egypt—fruits, vegetables and seed oils that will be canned for export.

The expansion of the canal itself, which Sadat has said will be operating in June, is already proceeding in a three-year, first-stage program that will cost almost $700 million and will more than double the canal's width, to accept 150,000-ton tankers fully loaded. A Japanese construction firm will soon begin excavating what will amount to four times the volume of earth moved to create the original canal. And American and European engineering consultants are about to submit their studies on the economic and technical feasibility of a second three-year, $700-million widening of the canal which would excavate ten times the original volume of earth and accommodate 250,000-ton supertankers full of oil. However, until new tolls for the canal are set, there is no assurance that the shippers will find the reopened short-cut more attractive than the route around the tip of Africa that they have been using for the past several years. In any case, for some time to come the giant tankers will be rounding the Cape of Good Hope.

Three tunnels, one near each city, will pass beneath the canal for automobile and truck traffic. Construction on the first, at Suez City, will begin soon, and could be completed in two to three years. A quarter of a million acres will be irrigated on the east bank, and it is believed that ultimately as many as 800,000 acres could be reclaimed in the Sinai desert. In fact, when and if the bulk of the Sinai is regained, officials in the Reconstruction Ministry are ready to extend the central Ismailia irrigation canal across the Suez and deep into the peninsula.

And the plans by no means stop there. "If we regain the Sinai," said one high official in the Ministry recently, "we are going to settle it sufficiently to insure that it is never taken again." Osman has in mind a grand design for the Sinai that involves spending $5 billion in the next ten years to enlarge the present population of 100,000 on the peninsula to 2 million, establishing not only new farms but new industries, mines and processing plants.

Osman and his team of engineers and architects are also looking west of the canal into the desert between Cairo and Ismailia. Midway between these two cities they are preparing to build from scratch an industrial city of some 250,000 residents (ultimately half a million) that would further relieve the pressure of people streaming into Cairo looking for work. A Swedish firm has the planning well underway and construction will begin in the middle of the year. Planners believe the new city will attract foreign firms because of its particularly abundant supply of cheap labor and its proximity to both Cairo and Port Said. Goodyear and Michelin are among the foreign companies said to be interested.

Foreign investment will be the pivotal element not only in the development of the industrial city and canal zone but in the revitalization and future growth of the entire economy. "The days of Nasser's swashbuckling, tough-talking socialism are at an end," said one foreign

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businessman. "Sadat is determined to provide a secure climate for investments." Withdrawal from the spirit of Nasser's nationalization campaigns is now regarded as irreversible for far into the political future. Last June a new foreign-investments law was approved that not only guarantees investments against seizure or nationalization but sweetens the pot in some rather extraordinary ways. New foreign investments will enjoy a tax holiday for their first five years of operation in Egypt—and this boon can be extended for up to eight years. Firms may also be granted exemption from customs duties for industrial machinery that they import. And investors will be allowed immediately to transfer home their entire share of profits, and to repatriate their capital after five years of work, if they so wish.

Such liberal terms are attracting the interest of a sweeping array of major foreign concerns. Egypt is eager to involve them in a host of specific joint-venture projects, and is looking with especially high hopes to the capital and technology of American firms. The Ministry of Industry has been talking with General Motors about a $65-million auto assembly plant and a $100-million plant for heavy trucks and busses; with American Motors about a plant for vans and microbusses; with U.S. Steel about a phosphate acid plant. The Ministry of Petroleum has been negotiating with Union Carbide for a giant petrochemical complex in Alexandria; with W.R. Grace for an aromatics complex; and with Gulf Oil for a plant to produce lubricating oil.

Already, foreign capital is flowing into twenty joint ventures which were approved last year. Japan and Brazil will participate in constructing a $100-million sponge iron factory; Qatar will be Egypt's partner in a $65-million polyester fibers plant; Iraq and England will participate in producing farm tractors. And Kuwait will be half owner in a string of schemes ranging from production of cement, sheet glass and paper pulp to urban housing, tourist hotels and maritime transportation. In fact, Kuwait's total investment in Egypt through loans and joint ventures will total $1.4 billion over the next five years—almost half of the total $3 billion in investment commitments from the Arab world for that period. Added to this will be another $1 billion recently pledged by the Shah of Iran for joint-venture projects.

Egypt is equally desirous of the technical and financial involvement of Western Europe. Sadat recently made a grand state visit to Paris, wooing France to participate in a wide range of development projects. In addition to the prominently displayed military agreement, the two nations announced a major economic cooperation package in which France will aid in building a $90-million power station at Abu Kir, near Alexandria, a petrochemical complex, a beet-sugar factory, production plants for cement and fertilizer and a number of tourist schemes. French technology will be used to introduce a color television system in Egypt, and will combine with Arab capital to produce insecticides, vehicles, steel and building materials.

There are plans on even grander scales. Egypt hopes this year to sign contracts with France, the United States and the Soviet Union for nuclear power stations that could be operational in seven to eight years. And the government is now studying with West Germany the potential power generating capacity of the huge Qattarah depression in the western desert. The project, agreed upon in principle, is likely to cost $1 billion and take ten years to complete. It would bring sea water from the Mediterranean down into the desert depression through a 40-mile canal. Officials feel it could eventually produce ten times the electric energy generated by the Aswan High Dam.

The appeals for foreign capital are mandated by a need that is overwhelming by any standard. Ambassador Tahseen Basheer, President Sadat's chief press adviser, estimates that to raise the present per capita income of $120 to just $200 would require $40 billion of foreign investment in the next five years. The needs of the country demand now a flexible kind of socialism, he argues. "Our socialism must not be a program to make people suffer because of a self-righteous attitude."

Private Egyptian capital is also beginning to be rehabilitated and encouraged in the new liberal climate. A base of private enterprise still remains, concentrated in the textile and construction industries, and in small factories. And now a number of Egyptian entrepreneurs, forced to flee at the height of Nasser's nationalization campaign, are sounding out the feasibility of returning to Egypt. One of the nation's leading textile manufacturers, who set up shop in Italy, is feeling the European economic squeeze and wants to take his operation back home. A leading expatriate Egyptian soap producer is also eager to return and start producing again. "I would have expected their sons to return some day," says an Egyptian government official, "but not them."

There is no more illustrious symbol of the returning entrepreneurial spirit than Minister Osman Ahmed Osman himself, who has built his construction company into a giant multimillion-dollar conglomerate with branches in nine Arab nations and a total labor force of more than 23,000. Contemptuous of socialism for failing to develop anything more than "words and speeches and bureaucracy," Osman is eager to attract foreign capital from every part of the globe. "I want foreign investment to profit here. If they profit, Egypt profits."

The swing back toward a more mixed economy could pick up steam later this year or next with the limited reopening of the long-defunct Cairo stock exchange. The Finance Minister is now considering this step, with strict controls to protect the many small investors who would be buying stock for the first time. In a possible precursor of such a move, Egypt will make available to private owners 15 per cent of its one-half share in a new $20-million joint investment fund with Saudi Arabia. To soothe the inevitable objections of entrenched public-sector bureaucrats to this "invasion" of foreign and private capital, many of the managers of state companies will be given chairmanships of the new joint-venture firms, with appropriate increases in salary and benefits.

"Invasion" it might well be called. For many months now Cairo has been a city buzzing daily with news of the comings and goings of foreign government and business delegations. In the space of one week here recently, the Minister of Economic Cooperation received delegations from Britain, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, the United States, Japan and Australia, bringing with them suggestions for joint projects in industry, commerce and tourism.

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This stream of high-level businessmen and technicians whirling through the downtown hotels and government ministries has whipped up inevitable expectations of an economic boom. But for the short run, at least, it is unlikely. In fact, one exasperated American observer finds such expectations totally unrealistic in as poor a country as Egypt, "where there isn't even the money to fill the potholes in the streets, and the walls of government buildings are just peeling away." The amount of capital that is needed here is fantastic, she says. "Last year the government had to pay out $650 million in commodity subsidies alone—just look at that figure before you even start talking about development."

Even more than the dual shortage of basic food items and the liquid cash to pay for them, the shoddy state of the economy's infrastructure may well be the most crippling short-term obstacle to development. Streets, highways, railroads, busses, ports, telecommunications, electricity—every kind of service on which industrial expansion must depend is in an advanced state of disrepair and at least twenty years out of date. And it is by no means clear that the money will be available to upgrade these decaying systems. Foreign investors are unlikely to find in such basic development projects the high rate of return they seek. "Even the other Arab countries are reluctant to invest in this sector," says one American official.

Minister Osman claims that the Arab neighbors have so far come through with important contributions toward developing basic services in the canal zone, and adds with supreme confidence, "Give me a good design from top planners and I will have no problem financing it." True perhaps for his glamorous canal zone projects, but little relief for the hard-pressed service sectors of Cairo and Alexandria.

There are some hopeful signs in the long-term economic picture, which promise a dramatic increase in Egypt's foreign currency earnings. One is the Suez Canal, which is expected to bring in $350 million a year—again assuming that it can compete with the longer voyage around Africa. There is the huge sponge-iron industry now being developed, the exports from which planners believe could earn $300 million annually when full production is achieved in the 1980s. In the southwestern desert lie more than a billion tons in proven reserves of phosphates, with which Egypt hopes to become a net exporter of several million tons of fertilizer a year. By 1981, that would begin to earn at least another $300 million a year.

And Egypt is now scouring its shores and deserts for the most profitable of all natural resources—oil. Twenty-seven exploration contracts have been signed at a cost of almost $1 billion. By the next decade, Egypt hopes to have discovered enough oil to be producing at a rate of more than a million barrels a day.

Plans are also being readied to turn the country's long, untouched northern coastline west of Alexandria into one of the resort capitals of the world. A British firm was recently granted a $220-million contract to develop Ras El Heikmah, 130 miles west of Alexandria, into a sprawling resort complex with golf courses, inland recreation, water sports, night clubs, ultra-modern hotels and private villas. With its crystal-blue water, fine white sand and rich backdrop of natural vegetation, it will become, says one of its planners, "just like a piece of the Riviera." And capital is pouring into Egypt to modernize its tourism industry all over the country. Recently an Egyptian-Saudi Arabian joint stock company was formed just to build hotels. Other Arab countries and international firms like Pan American are readying plans to cash in on what is seen as a tourism bonanza. The Ministry of Tourism feels that by 1980 the number of tourists can be increased from 700,000 to 2 million. Such an increase would at least triple Egypt's tourism income to $500 million a year.

If these projections sound like the makings of a long-term economic transformation, there persist grave doubts that it will ever be realized. For on the path toward the double-digit economic growth envisioned by the planners for the next several years lie mammoth problems that threaten to swallow up the huge amounts of human and financial capital that will be needed. For one, Egypt is suffering from a severe emigration that is carrying away thousands of its best scientists, doctors, teachers, engineers and skilled workers every year. Lured to Europe, North America and neighboring Arab states by substantially higher salaries, they are often never seen again. With an excellent university system now training 300,000 students, few doubt that Egypt can produce the administrative and technical talent it needs—if only it can hold on to them once they are trained.

The solution is as obvious as the problem is severe: higher pay. And some progress is being made in the canal zone, where Osman has raised construction wages enormously and is beginning to draw back from other Arab countries the engineers and carpenters and other skilled construction workers he needs. In the state industries pressure is mounting to raise salary scales all along the line, but it is felt that this must be linked to a comparable rise in output, which runs the problem into a kind of vicious circle. Government planning officials are now trying to break this dilemma, but it isn't easy to streamline a bureaucracy that is swollen to what some estimate is ten times a truly effective size. To avoid mass unemployment, the government now employs some 2 million people, and in any of the huge state ministry buildings in Cairo one can find large numbers of them just standing around, or, if they are college graduates, sitting in offices at empty desks, trading gossip and reading the newspaper. Those given papers to shuffle find their functions narrow and maddeningly redundant. To prevent this ponderous monster from completely suffocating the interest of investors and the development hopes of the country, a new Foreign Investment Authority has been created to handle all aspects of an investor's application, from licensing construction plans to registering foreign workers. But even with this special attention, notes an American economic official here, it will take at least three years from the time a decision is made to build a plant until the plant can actually begin production. "By then," he adds with discouragement, "you've got another 3 million people here."

A million new people every year—it is a staggering increase for a country of Egypt's limited size and means, and constitutes the gravest threat of all to its dreams of modernization. Egypt's population has grown from 22 million in 1947 to 37 million today, and if present rates

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continue unchecked it will reach 70 million by the year 2000. An incredible 40 per cent of the present population is younger than 15. Public schools and social services are being overwhelmed.

In its 1971 economic plan the government candidly admitted that, if the present rate of increase is not reduced, it "would destroy all hopes of development and progress and, in fact, threaten our very existence." Since 1967 government-sponsored family-planning clinics have been dispensing contraceptives and information in both rural and urban areas; there are now almost 4,000 such clinics in the country. An ambitious government population plan announced in 1973 seeks to reduce the growth rate from an official (and inaccurately low) figure of 2 per cent today to 1.1 per cent by 1982, through a multifaceted program stressing not only family-planning services but also the improvement of the standard of living and the status of women, which government planners believe is essential to lowering the birth rate.

While the government is having some success in changing ancient attitudes about birth control and family size, the family-planning programs are riddled with problems, and many feel they are given insufficient priority in government budgets and propaganda. Clinics are understaffed and unevenly distributed. Nurses and doctors are often poorly informed about specific birth-control techniques and possible side effects of the contraceptives they dispense. Sex education and birth control are still only barely integrated into the school curricula, while effective mass literature on the subject is hard to come by. And now, incredibly, there is a critical shortage of the commodity on which the whole program rests—the contraceptives themselves.

Enormous problems and enormous potential—that is the story of Egypt today. Conversations with the many talented and farsighted leaders in Egyptian government and intellectual life leave one with the feeling that all the giant possibilities and crises of modern development are now gathering toward a contest here in this ancient land. And if there is disagreement over strategies and priorities, there is impressive consensus over the need to remove finally that one obstacle which could at any moment shatter all the grand designs of the nation's master planners: the threat of war.

In the halls and offices of Egypt's ministries and newspapers and universities, one hears expressed an aching desire to settle the Middle East crisis once and for all, a fervent hope that Israel might be flexible enough in its negotiating position to enable a permanent peace to emerge, so that the full human and financial energy available to Egypt could at last be turned toward the massive test of its development capacities that is now taking shape.

It was a surprisingly widespread sentiment Osman Ahmed Osman was voicing when he confided recently: "We have nothing against Israel if they will only return our land and grant the Palestinians their rights. Why do you think we are developing our canal zone as we are? We don't want to fight. We are looking for peace." □

THE CAPITAL SHORTAGE ILLUSION

DAVID BENSMAN

In early April, Chase Manhattan sponsored full-page ads in *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* to argue that the United States now lacks the capital needed for investments to rebuild deteriorating sectors of the society and to get the economy moving again. The capitalists' remedy is predictable; they want more profits. Chase urged the federal government to adopt policies that would boost corporate income and stimulate new investments in real capital. Gerald Ford, William Simon, Alan Greenspan and Arthur Burns agree: America is capital-poor.

The Left has responded feebly to this direct challenge. Some have denounced capitalism in general; others have blamed individual industries or corporations; many more have ignored the question, preferring to discuss issues of more obvious political interest. Nevertheless, there is in fact *no capital shortage in America today.* Rather, the private credit markets are misallocating resources, and thus failing to make the investments our society desperately needs. Naturally, we are not creating new jobs, and social services are deteriorating. New York's rotting West Side Highway is a symbol of the public's plight.

A clue to why this is happening can be found in the current flow of savings. As bond yields have fallen since December, the rates offered by savings banks have become attractive. Consequently, *The New York Times* reported on April 14, "money is pouring into the nation's savings banks and savings and loan associations in a record flood."

In the past, the great accumulation of savings deposits would have gone into the construction of new housing, jobs would have been created and the cities' deteriorating housing stock would have been renewed. Today, that is not happening. Instead, the funds are going into short-term corporate bonds, so that banks can improve their profit ratios. The savings banks are investing in low-rate, short-term notes rather than long-term, high-rate mortgages, because they are desperately short of liquid funds. They want more cash as a cushion against the possibility that interest rates will rise again and their depositors start pulling out their funds.

Similarly, the commercial banks and institutional investors are stressing high-quality and liquid loans rather than capital formation. Paul Nadler, professor of business administration at Rutgers University, explained the short-term reasons for this preference in the *American Banker* of April 13. One reason, he wrote, is that the near failure in 1974 of the real estate investment trusts (REITs), of some builders and of some corporate borrowers has

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made lenders cautious about making new investments in real capital. They look instead for short-term, high-quality issues, and try to increase their reserves against loan losses. Thus Citicorp has increased its loan loss reserves by more than 100 per cent, adding $72.2 million in the first quarter of this year. During all of 1975, Citibank plans to give out only 1,100 mortgages in New York City's five boroughs, plus Nassau and Westchester Counties!

A second reason is that the SEC decision in March, requiring Chemical Bank to detail its losses on loans to REITs, discouraged Chemical and other banks from attempting to raise new equity. Commercial banks turned to improving their liquidity "as a means of reducing capital needs, and they concentrate on quality to avoid further loan losses, which must come out of capital positions," Professor Nadler explains.

Third, government and corporate borrowing practices are creating a shortage of private capital available for long-term capital investment. Investors prefer safe federal borrowings; furthermore, large corporations are now refunding their bank loans by issuing capital market securities. Capital that might otherwise go into new housing or plant construction is instead going into corporate issues, so that corporations can decrease their interest loads.

As a result of such barriers, interest rates on long-term notes are currently very high, compared to rates on both medium-term bonds (1 per cent higher) and short-term notes (3 to 4 per cent higher, except for New York City bonds which are selling at absurdly high yields), according to the *American Banker* of April 16.

Much of the foregoing lament is distressingly familiar. Less well-known, however, are the long-range structural changes in the economy which underlie the country's plight. As the *Monthly Review* editors and Martin Mayers have recently pointed out, around 1960 increasing competition in the capital markets began to squeeze the profit margins of the commercial banks. In response, they began to step up their lending activity to offset decreased profit margins with increased volume. As a result, the banks' ratio of loans to deposits has risen madly. By 1974, the ratio for "large New York City banks" had grown to 84.4 per cent. Moreover, to finance such heavy loans, banks have had to issue high-cost "certificates of deposit," have had to borrow money in a big way, and have made dubious loan decisions in an attempt to keep up with the competition. Though the bank's profits soared, their liquidity position became treacherous.

The effect of this liquidity crisis has already been quite serious. When the specter of massive loan defaults arose in 1974, banks became exceedingly nervous. They began shoring up their liquidity positions as best they could; one way was to take new deposits generated by the Federal Reserve Bank's expansionary policy and hold them as reserves against their far-flung loans. Though the Federal Reserve Bank has tried to stimulate new investment, the Commerce Department's economic indicators predict that 1975 will show a substantial decline in new investment in capital plant.

Given the internationalization of the credit market, the activity of oil-producing investors, and the continued innovation in credit marketing in the United States, it seems safe to predict that the intense competition will be maintained and that liquidity crises will be with us for as far ahead as we can see.

Many Keynesians, led by Arthur Okun and Rep. Henry Reuss, have a different explanation for the American economy's failure to recover. They blame Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank, claiming that he has failed to increase the money supply quickly enough by lowering reserve ratios for banks belonging to the Federal Reserve. But this analysis overlooks the liquidity problem outlined above. For in fact, Burns has been pursuing a stimulative policy at the FRB, without increasing the money supply rapidly or increasing capital formation. The explanation for this paradox is that liquidity-starved banks have taken new deposits generated by the FRB's expansionary policy and used them as reserves against loans. Bank liquidity problems have been a major, though neglected drag on our mirage-recovery.

Other long-term factors standing in the way of investment in the most important sectors of our economy include:

—New capital formation is a much larger undertaking than it used to be. To build new chemical plants, develop new energy resources, or construct mass-transit facilities requires large amounts of long-term capital. The banks are not providing it.

—The energy crisis has brought about distortions in our economy; it has made a 10 million automobile economy unfeasible and made urgent the development of new energy sources. To cope with such dislocations one needs much new long-term investment. We are not getting it.

—American capital is flowing abroad, seeking higher interest rates and freedom from regulation. Robert C. Holland, a governor of the FRB, recently warned an audience of the Bankers' Association for Foreign Trade that "expanding credit in the United States [as Burns has been doing] might be rendered less effective if U.S. bankers utilize such credit for their overseas Eurodollar activities rather than for loans which might expand business activity here in the United States."

Speaking before a partisan audience, Holland refrained from accusing the bankers, but since 1967 U.S. banks have increased the total assets in their overseas branches sixteen times—to $150 billion. "In addition," Holland reports "U.S. banks engage in international financing activities at their domestic offices as well as through investments in foreign subsidiaries and affiliate corporations." Such operations have produced a situation where "for some of the largest United States banks, foreign branch activity accounts for between one-half and one-third of their business."

Holland went on to advocate piously that "central banking authorities (primarily in the United States and Europe) coordinate" their regulation of transnational banks, in order to make sure that their operations do not "threaten the ability of individual countries to pursue their domestic monetary policies."

In fact, the United States' ability is threatened now. According to the Commerce Department's March survey, in the fourth quarter of 1974, when unemployment turned disastrous and the FRB worked vigorously to prime the pump, American capital exports reached record levels. To my mind, that is criminal. America's largest banks were

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heavily responsible. And the FRB is moving right now to reduce its own restrictions on bank lending overseas. On April 9, the *American Banker* quoted Holland as saying that "the FRB is moving away from a go-slow policy by which it has sought for the past year to get the banks to limit their overseas expansion in favor of building their capital bases." Such a change in federal policy only weakens further the prospects for job creation in America.

When the private credit markets are incapable of meeting social needs, political consequences are inevitable. Following Michael Harrington, I would argue that the "socialization of investment" is necessary if we are to have sufficient investment in industrial plant expansion, new housing, innovative enterprises, so-called high-risk but socially desirable private enterprises and public services. How do we socialize investment?

(*1*) We must allocate credit. If the private credit markets do not find the necessary investments sufficiently profitable, the Congress will have to require such investment. Future banking legislation ought to divert bank capital from overseas investment (prohibiting entirely capital exports for speculative purposes) and from use for corporate conglomeration. Instead, bank capital should be channeled into housing, industrial capital formation and small business loans.

Even the *American Banker* recognizes the seriousness of arguments for allocation. Writing in its April 13th issue, Prof. Paul Nadler admitted that "the question then becomes who will buy the securities of and make the loans to the lower-quality borrowers? Who will finance lower-income housing, small business and states and municipalities whose credit ratings are not top tier? The answer is simply that we [the bankers] have no answer. And this is why we see such sympathy being generated for credit allocation in Washington and other governmental circles."

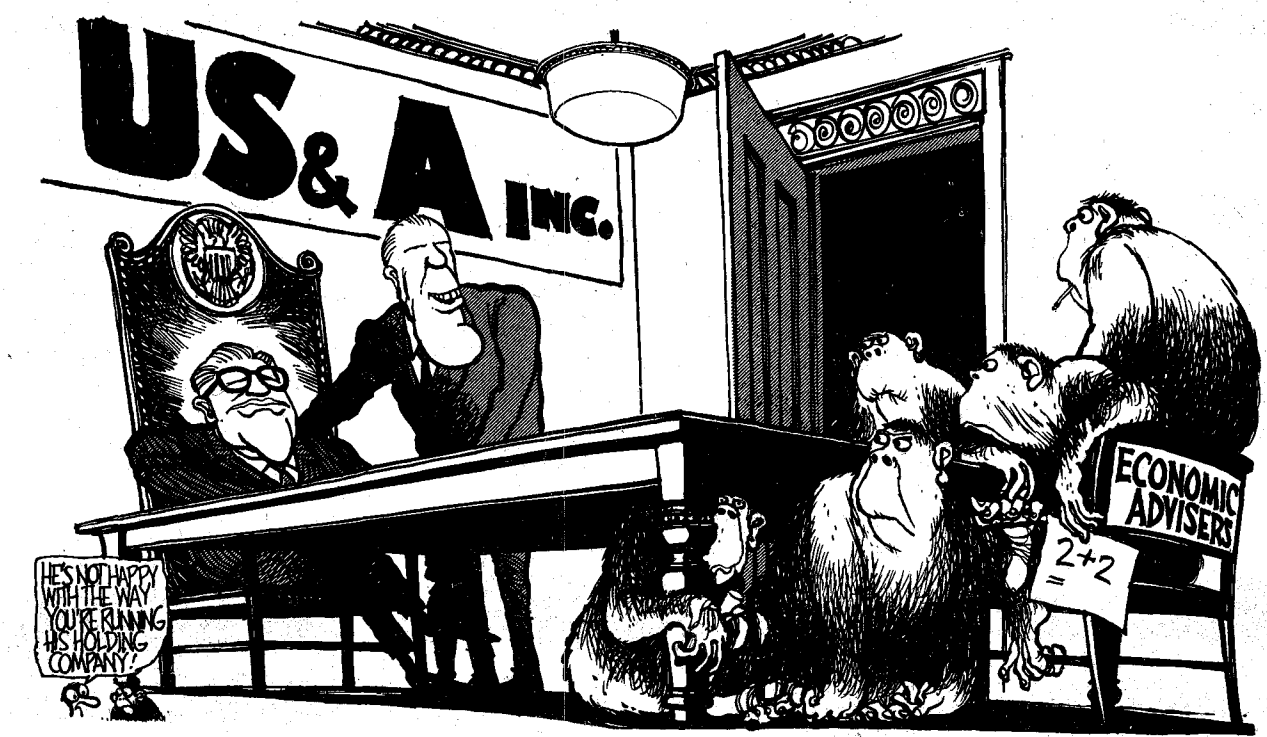
Opponents of such credit allocation claim that it would distort the workings of the capital markets, prompt capital to flee to unregulated havens, and threaten economic collapse. I would argue that we are already suffering from intolerable distortions, as money is invested in paper issued to pay off loans raised to issue paper, while the pressing needs of our society for capital investment go unmet.

Unfortunately, on April 29, Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Banking Committee, abandoned his attempts to legislate credit allocation. Arthur Burns's opposition overwhelmed the Reuss committee. We must revive such legislation. (Rep. Wright Patman is currently attempting to do so.)

(*2*) The federal government should establish public corporations to invest in areas that private investment will not touch, such as new energy sources, transportation, housing and state and municipal services. Sen. Adlai Stevenson III has already introduced legislation to establish a Federal Oil and Gas Corporation (FOGCO) to develop energy resources on federal lands, and to serve as a yardstick for the private energy corporations.

(*3*) Government banks to channel public investment is another promising avenue. Ralph Nader has recently announced plans to establish a federal bank to finance co-ops, using Federal Reserve funds as kick-off capital. Congressmen Reuss and Patman immediately introduced legislation to that effect.

New York is moving toward a state bank. Picking up a suggestion from Michael Harrington, William Haddad, aide to state Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut, has proposed that the legislature establish a public bank based on state and municipal bank deposits and pension funds. While passage by the Assembly is certain, the bill's fate in the state Senate seems precarious.



"I'd Like You To Meet Our Vice President." Oliphant, The Denver Post

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Public banks (North Dakota has had one for fifty-four years) can undoubtedly help channel public funds into credit-starved areas. Eliot Janeway and Belden Daniels, an economist and international banker respectively, argue that New York's bank, by being complementary rather than competitive with the private banks, could make a profit—although one smaller than private banks make—while boosting state economic development, increasing tax revenues and lowering the cost of welfare and crime prevention. By using leverage, Daniels argued, the public bank could channel private capital into small and innovative enterprises and beneficial public projects. His approach is attractive, and I would not be surprised if it finds its way into state law. Nevertheless, I disagree with it. The capital of the private banking system is too large to be left free, if freedom means investment only in short-term paper, overseas markets, refinancing of corporate debt, etc. The public bank, if it does not reverse such capital flows, will be a cosmetic, not a cure. The public bank must be viewed as a tool to change the behavior of the private credit markets. As a yardstick, the bank could exert pressure on commercial banks to make loans that are both profitable and socially useful. It could expose instances of private banking's insensitivity to social needs; of course, the obverse is that it might confirm the claims of private bankers that certain loans are not feasible.

If the bank were a yardstick, one would have to be very careful in assessing its performance. We would expect some of its activities to be profitable, others less so. But the public bank would be a failure if it did not pressure private banks into meeting public needs.

(4) Ralph Nader and Sen. William Proxmire have proposed legislation requiring increased disclosure of banking activities. At present, it is nearly impossible to disentangle the web of bank borrowings and loans.

(5) We should move to control corporate investment decisions. For example, the federal government could deny corporations absolute control of plant siting, and could restrict their freedom to invest in enterprises outside their own industry.

(6) Nader has made another apt proposal: place on boards of corporations public members who would be instructed to make public the criteria on which investment decisions are based.

(7) Finally, Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams has proposed the issuance of tax-free government bonds in small denominations. This would reduce local government dependence on the transnational banks, and give lower-income taxpayers a break.

If we do not turn to credit allocation and public investment, David Rockefeller will prevail. The corporate elite will redistribute income—to the rich—as profits soar. But unemployment will remain high, as increased profits fail to generate capital formation. Then we will indeed have the worst of all possible worlds. □

DEMOCRATIC PERPLEXITIES

THE WALLACE-KENNEDY HANG-UP

AL GORDON

Washington

The Democratic Party faces many serious challenges in the 1976 Presidential campaign. Two of the most serious are named George Wallace and Edward Kennedy. The difficulty with Wallace is that he's running and may do well. The difficulty with Kennedy is that he might do even better, but he says he isn't running. Together, the two are making the party all too aware that it has not mastered the art of nominating Presidential candidates in the 1970s.

In 1968 and 1972, the winners and losers in the race for the Democratic nomination were unable to make peace with one another, and the Democrats discovered that being the nation's majority party is of doubtful value when half the party leaves the convention embittered at the other half. New delegate selection rules were written for 1976 which are supposed to deal with this problem by making it much more difficult for a candidate to win a majority of convention delegates. To be nominated, a candidate either would have to be such an overwhelming victor in the caucuses and primaries that his lock on the convention was beyond dispute, or would have to emerge as the compromise choice of a convention where no one went in with a majority.

Enter George Wallace in his customary role as the spoiler of such tidy calculations. In recent polls of Democratic voter preferences among the avowed Presidential candidates (i.e., everyone except Kennedy), the Governor of Alabama finished at the top, albeit with only 20 per cent support and with also the highest unfavorable rating of any candidate. The actual front runner for the 1976 nomination may be "undecided" at this point, but that isn't much comfort, especially when Wallace also leads the list of Democratic fund raisers and has proved his ability to raise havoc in primaries.

It has suddenly occurred to the Democrats that until Governor Wallace's 1972 campaign was halted by a bullet, he had won more popular votes in the primaries than any of his opponents. Thanks to the ineffectiveness of Wallace's organization in the nonprimary states and to the "winner-take-all" primaries, he was behind in delegates. However, the new proportional representation rules may insure that even candidates with sloppy organizations will get a reasonable share of delegates, and the previous forms of "winner-take-all" primaries have been outlawed.

If George Wallace actually has the support of 20

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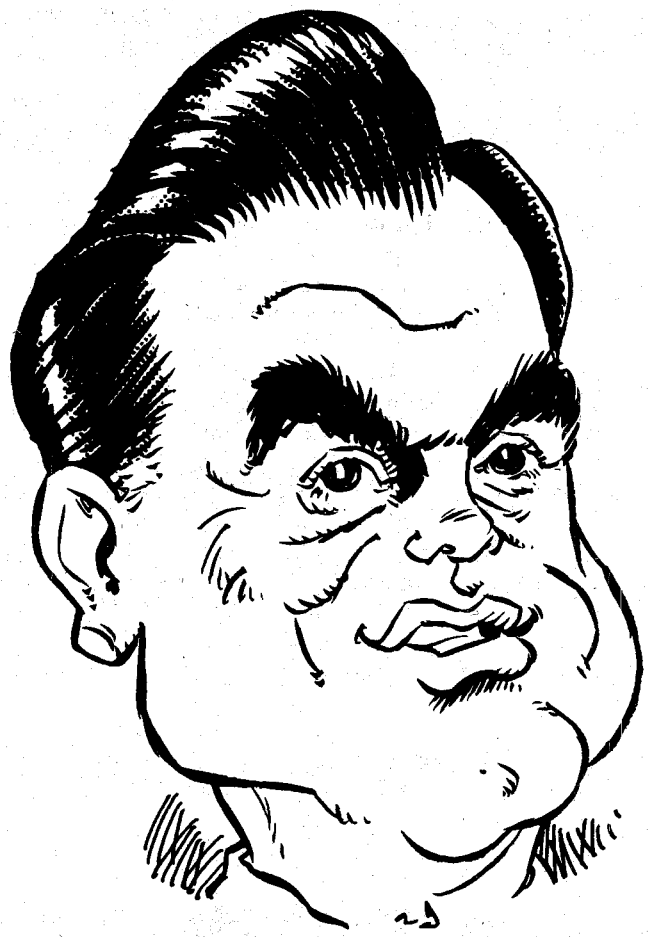

Bender, Waterloo Courier (Iowa)

Gov. George Wallace

per cent of the Democratic electorate, then under the new rules he will probably get about 20 per cent of the delegates. That is a thought to strike terror into the hearts of those who consider themselves "mainstream" Democrats. None of the announced Democratic contenders now can be said to be capturing the hearts and minds of the party.

It is always foolhardy to start predicting the outcome of a campaign months before the first primary and months before the public is ready to pay attention to the candidates. Virtually everything written before June in the last two Presidential campaigns looked awfully stupid when the primaries were over. But one major difference between the present situation and those in 1968 and 1972 is the absence of any acknowledged front runner for the Democratic nomination. Further, there now are indisputably too many primaries for candidates to enter them all and there is a new campaign finance law which, if it survives a court challenge, will drastically alter the political equation.

At this time, one cannot exclude the possibility that the results of the primaries and state conventions will be inconclusive, and that no candidate will go to the national convention with a majority. In that case, Wallace could arrive at the convention with one of the largest—if not the largest—blocs of delegates and force the Democrats to confront three nightmarish possibilities:

—Wallace could be nominated. That is improbable but not impossible if he were to steamroller his opposition in the primaries.

—More likely, he could make a deal with a candidate of the party's regular right wing, exchanging his delegates for the Vice Presidency or for veto power over platform, legislation and appointments.

—Most likely of all, after rejecting token offers of conciliation, he could storm out of the convention to launch another independent Presidential campaign—and take his constituency with him.

The response to this threat in some circles of the party has been thoroughly in keeping with the dim-wittedness that caused the present mess—namely, more rules manipulation. In the most blatant instance, North Carolina has toyed with the idea of abolishing its primary. In less extreme cases, states are rushing to avail themselves of a loophole in the rules that permits modified "winner-take-all" delegate selection in election units no smaller than a Congressional district.

While that district delegate formula is a much better idea than proportional representation, it is a delusion to believe that the Wallace problem can be solved merely by playing with the rules. Even if successful, such a tactic invites him to run as an independent. Already the Governor is crying "foul"—and he may have a point.

George Wallace would be a disaster on the Democratic ticket, or as a key influence upon it. His fitness for high office is highly questionable with respect to his physical condition, to his position on major issues, and to the sort of emotions he has sought to exploit. He would alienate the party's liberal wing and the black voters who now comprise about one-fifth of the Democratic coalition.

To give him his due, the Governor has toned down his overt racism. He has his racist and ultra-right-wing followers, but he is as strong as he is primarily because he has been putting in words the alienation and anger a significant number of Americans feel toward a federal government that seems to be ignoring them. "Send them a message," he said in 1972. "Stand up for America," was his theme in 1968. But while he has shamelessly exploited this alienation, he did not create it. It is an inevitable product of social and political upheaval. Race, Vietnam, inflation, Watergate, assassination, crime, drugs, recession —the nation has absorbed a lot of punishment and some people are bound to be a little shell-shocked. The Wallace threat cannot be eliminated unless his constituency is won back by the rest of the party. And that can't be done by manipulating the rules. It has to be done by other candidates who will take him on in the primaries and beat him.

And so we come to Sen. Edward Kennedy. For much of the Democratic Party, the senior Senator from Massachusetts is like the star relief pitcher in baseball. If the party gets into a jam, it wants to be able to send the call out to the bull pen in Hyannis Port and bring in its "stopper." If Wallace triumphs in the primaries, if the other candidates cannot get their campaigns off the ground, if the convention deadlocks for any reason, Edward Kennedy appears to be the Democrats' all-purpose cure for what ails them. But is he?

Last September 23, Senator Kennedy held a nationally televised news conference in Boston to announce:

> . . . in 1976, I will not be a candidate for President or Vice President of the United States.
>
> This decision is firm, final and unconditional. There is absolutely no circumstance or event that will alter the decision.

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I will not accept the nomination. I will oppose any effort to place my name in nomination in any state or at the national convention, and I will oppose any effort to promote my candidacy in any other way.

He has not retreated an inch from that statement, and yet all but a handful of reporters and politicians expect him to reverse himself. At that very news conference, most of the questions he was asked sought to uncover some loophole in his pronouncement. Seldom has he held a news conference since without someone asking whether the Senator will change his mind.

It takes very little imagination to conjure up the circumstances under which the party would offer him the nomination. The pressure upon him is in direct proportion to the intensity of the Wallace threat. And tantalizing signs keep appearing:

—A Harris Poll shows Kennedy, alone among Democrats, clobbering Gerald Ford in a trial heat.

—A Gallup poll, published May 25, placed Kennedy far in front of other Democratic Presidential possibilities, with the support of 36 per cent of the party. (George Wallace was second with 15 per cent.)

—The Senator announces plans for a ten-day "fact-finding" trip to the Middle East which includes stops in Israel and Iran.

—House Majority Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, Jr., long a friend of the Kennedys (he holds John Kennedy's old Congressional seat) says he's convinced that Edward Kennedy will run.

—People following the campaign continue to find little evidence that Kennedy's withdrawal has increased or decreased the support for any of the active candidates. A considerable percentage of the Democratic Party, from all its wings, remains in a holding pattern as far as 1976 is concerned.

It also takes little effort to develop a case for a Kennedy candidacy. Notwithstanding his family's reputation for pragmatism, the Senator has been remarkably committed and consistent on issues. He has, for instance, held fast in his opposition to anti-bussing legislation, despite the adverse political effects of that position in Massachusetts.

He may be unfavorably compared with his brothers in many ways but there is no doubt that he has been vastly more effective in the Senate than was either John or Robert. In any major legislative battle, one is likely to find Kennedy testifying in committee (if not holding hearings himself), to find Kennedy amendments to the bill in question (if it wasn't his bill to begin with) and, with reasonable frequency, to find Kennedy winning his fight. He has claimed the National Health Insurance issue for his own. When it becomes law, as sooner or later it will, he will have left his mark on a major change in U.S. society.

Senator Kennedy shares his brothers' desire to surround himself with talented people. He has one of the best staffs in the Senate and he is willing to solicit outside opinions. His brand of politics is conventional. He is not a New Left crusader or an obsessive reformer. Kennedy campaign tactics have sometimes been controversial, yet he was (for better or for worse) one of the leaders in the fight to enact campaign reform legislation in the Senate.

Philosophically, he is a liberal in the big-government, big-spender tradition, a viewpoint that seems to be going out of fashion. He's a little more dovish and a little more into minority causes than are the older liberals, but he does not share the younger liberals' mood of fiscal conservatism.

His Presidency probably would not mark a major turning point in U.S. politics as did his brother's, but rather a transition from the 1960s brand of liberalism to the 1970s version.

The one qualification that most distinguishes him from other Democrats, though, is personal. The Kennedy charisma is not cliché nor the invention of some PR flack. It is a real phenomenon. No one who has ever seen a crowd surge toward the Senator or has watched an audience become caught up by a Kennedy speech would deny that there is a certain undefinable, intangible magnetism in this family, and that Edward Kennedy possesses it.

This appeal has double political value. Not only does it propel Kennedy supporters to the ballot box but it also gives him the trust and support of people who don't necessarily agree with him on issues. As a Massachusetts factory worker told him during the 1970 Senate campaign, "I don't always agree with you, Senator, but I'm with you." It may be that years of advocating social change have stemmed some of this convergence toward Kennedy. But if so, it has been far from total and Kennedy magnetism remains the Democrats' leading weapon in the battle for the Wallace constituency.

But there is another side to the Kennedy coin, and

Pierotti

Sen. Edward Kennedy

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at least three reasons why his nomination would not be desirable. First, there is Chappaquiddick. The memory of the death of Mary Jo Kopechne will not go away. It will haunt any Kennedy campaign, adding an element of ugliness to the election, and obscuring the other issues of the campaign. Persons who arouse strong emotions, as Kennedy does, also can arouse strong hatreds. Chappaquiddick has been a focal point for the Kennedy haters.

But the impact of Chappaquiddick extends beyond emotional reactions. Too many investigations, in the courts and in the press, have uncovered too many discrepancies and raised too many unanswered questions. By the Senator's own account, the incident raises grave doubts about his ability to make decisions under stress. At worst, it brings his integrity into doubt.

The second argument against a Kennedy candidacy is his responsibilities to his family. Joan Kennedy has been treated for emotional problems and for alcoholism. Concern has been expressed for the stability of their marriage. Senator Kennedy's son has been undergoing treatment for a very serious form of cancer. As the last surviving adult male in the family, the Senator has obligations as a surrogate father to his brothers' children.

Further, there is always the danger of another assassination attempt. Kennedy says he has no intention of letting this fear dominate his life, and that is understandable. Yet it has been a factor in his personal problems, and his personal life is what drove him out of the Presidential race last year.

Thus it must be asked, would it be responsible for Senator Kennedy to run in such circumstances? And the corollary question—isn't it a little cruel to ask him to run? And further, suppose there were another assassination, how much more trauma can the nation absorb?

The third point about the Senator is the one raised long ago in his first campaign for the Senate back in 1962. During a heated TV debate in South Boston, Kennedy's opponent in the Democratic primary, Edward McCormack, taunted: "Teddy, if [your name] was Edward Moore, your candidacy would be a joke. But nobody's laughing because . . . it's Edward Moore *Kennedy.*" While Kennedy's Senate record has amply rebutted McCormack's accusation, the question remains as to how much of his present appeal results from his personal qualities and how much from his surname.

In 1960, John F. Kennedy campaigned at a time of economic crisis, international unrest and domestic political turbulence. His victory and his brief Presidency did bring a new spirit to America. The shock of his assassination still lingers, as demonstrated by the recent flurry of interest in assassination conspiracy theories.

Robert F. Kennedy's 1968 Presidential campaign, and his murder, have had similar effects. Thus, there is nostalgia for the pre-assassination days, for "Camelot," a desire to turn the clock back. And this, essentially, is no more healthy than Wallace-ism.

It is a damning indictment of the Democratic Party that a dozen years after President Kennedy's death, the strongest candidate the party can muster against George Wallace and Gerald Ford is another Kennedy. In his inaugural address, John Kennedy summed up the significance of his election as well as anyone ever has: "The torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans." A decade and a half later, the time has come to pass the torch on to another generation, one in tune with the problems of 1975, problems which are vastly different from the problems of 1960.

Perhaps a transitional candidate such as Edward Kennedy truly is necessary at this time. Certainly the United States could do worse than elect him President. But it could be that in calling upon the spell of the Kennedys to counter the spell of George Wallace, the Democratic Party will have lost a chance to come to terms with the future. □

NEW ASSUMPTIONS, NEW PROBLEMS

NOTES FOR A FOREIGN POLICY

JUDITH M. HUGHES & H. STUART HUGHES

1

Current Perplexities. The collapse of Saigon, the blatant failure of Vietnamization, the inability of the Thieu regime to defend itself unaided, quite naturally have raised questions about the nature of our country's commitments abroad. But President Ford's definition of those responsibilities in his address to the Congress found little echo either there or in the public at large. After two decades in Southeast Asia, with nothing to show for the billions of dollars spent and the tens of thousands of lives lost, Americans seem far more inclined to re-examine the assumptions that led to such colossal waste than to support further and comparable salvage operations.

This, then, is a good time for those who gave early warning of our country's folly to restate long-standing convictions. Yet this new-old formulation of foreign policy goals cannot pretend to simplify the task of American diplomacy. Far from providing a solution to current difficulties, it can attempt only the more modest task of defining priorities—it can show what the dilemmas are and, more particularly, where material and moral concerns cut across each other.

2

American Foreign Policy, 1945-75. For thirty years after World War II, U.S. policy abroad rested on a world pre-

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ponderance of power, both military and economic. In recent years, Russia has built up a nuclear arsenal that is for all practical purposes equivalent to our own, but for most of the past generation the two superpowers were unevenly matched. And in the economic sphere the American lead was even greater.

Our country's overwhelming physical presence in nations with which it traditionally had close cultural ties made it incumbent on the United States to participate actively in the reconstruction of Europe, but our involvement in East Asia derived from no such clear call. It arose rather from a universal meddlesomeness particularly associated with the diplomacy of John Foster Dulles. Since the other powers hesitated to block our way, one commitment led to another, although the logic of the chain of guarantees was far from evident. By the time of President Kennedy's inaugural address, the whole ramifying network was in place, ready to be extolled in quotable prose.

It is a sign of the bipartisan nature of this policy of commitments that another Republican Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, should have carried it to its zenith. At the same time Kissinger has converted it into something highly personal. He has transformed foreign affairs into a sphere in which nothing significant can happen without his direct participation. The American Secretary of State apparently views the world as a vast stage provided for him to demonstrate his indispensability; his ego is totally involved in the enterprise. In this sense his performance recalls Bismarck far more than Metternich.

3

A Redefinition of Assumptions. If it is now apparent that the United States never had a good reason to become involved in Southeast Asia, the question arises: where *should* it intervene? Surprisingly enough, the elements of a sensible answer have come from as unlikely a person as Secretary of Defense Schlesinger. In a pointed rebuttal to Kennedy's blanket offer of military aid, Schlesinger has set definite limits to what our country is ready to do. "Tell them in other lands," he has declared, "not that the United States is prepared to go anywhere or to pay any price in supporting others, but that the United States will continue to play its proper role in the support of other nations, when those countries effectively demonstrate both a will and a capacity for self-help." To be sure, the Secretary's remarks are set in a Nixonian framework; he still seems inclined to endorse foreign governments primarily on the basis of their military might; he makes no reference to the *quality* of such governments. And it is precisely on this last point that the foreign policy criticisms of a decade or two ago have lost none of their relevance.

The governments deserving our support are not merely those militarily capable of taking care of themselves. They are those that enjoy sufficient acceptance at home so that a call for sacrifice in a defensive effort can convince both their people and ours that such a sacrifice is worthwhile. Since few of the world's present regimes fall into this category, in most places most of the time an American position of nonintervention makes sense. Indeed, under the conditions of the 1970s, where we *have* intervened—or are still muttering about possible intervention—we have almost always made matters worse.

Chile comes immediately to mind. While the Allende government could be criticized for certain infringements of civil liberties, the Chilean people certainly did not deserve what they got in its place. Moreover, there was something peculiarly sinister about a deliberate clandestine undermining of another nation's economy. Will Portugal be the next candidate for such treatment? And—if the local Communists achieve the sharing of power they seek—will Italy come after that? To ask these questions is to demonstrate the absurdity and inhumanity of the reasoning behind a "Chilean" type of intervention. The result of trying to stop a turn toward the Left has been, in the immediate past and is likely to be in the future, a regime more oppressive and less responsive to the desires of its people than the one it overthrew.

Our countrymen are today losing their hard-won ability to evaluate Communist activities in a variety of national contexts. It may be only natural that the successive collapse of two anti-Communist governments in Southeast Asia should once again make Americans nervous about the spread of Communist influence elsewhere. And it is similarly understandable that southern Europe should be the current focus of concern. But legitimate worry of this sort is no excuse for returning to the rhetoric of the early 1950s. With world communism no longer a monolith, with disputes among individual Communist parties a common occurrence, it is patently wrong to suggest that every victory of any such party automatically represents an extension of Soviet influence. It is true that the Portuguese Communist leadership (which showed little strength in the recent elections) is closely allied to the Russian; it is also true that the Italian leadership is not. Still more, the Italian Communists are far from happy about what is going on in Portugal; they fear that the way their Portuguese counterparts seek to gain power in the wake of the military may reduce their own credibility as public-spirited moderates prepared to share in governmental responsibility. Should Americans fail to recognize discriminations of this sort, a panic reaction could well ensue.

4

The Erosion of American Military Preponderance. Both the advocates and the opponents of the interventionist policy of the last thirty years would do well to recognize the extent to which the protracted, tragic and eventually unpopular war in Vietnam has shaken one of the twin bases of our country's mid-century predominance. This is not a matter of materiel: America's military chiefs are as eager as ever to spend a staggering total of billions on bigger and better nuclear hardware. It is rather a change in moral attitude. When one listens to young people today, one soon realizes that they can foresee no possible war in which their personal participation would be justified. In short, in terms of the morale of American youth—and probably of the population at large—armed intervention overseas has now become impracticable. When we talk of defending liberty (and in a few—a very few—potential conflicts, it is still proper to do so), we are speaking of situations in which our own soldiers will not do the fighting. This psychological mood at home has become a fact with which American foreign policy makers must reckon.

One should not, however, overestimate the importance

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of the change. To take two utterly different recent examples: Chile was subverted without the use of American troops; Israel, whatever its dependence on the United States, does not want them.

5

The Erosion of American Economic Preponderance. Far more serious from the standpoint of a coherent foreign policy are the constraints imposed by economic difficulties and in particular by the aftermath of the Mideast oil crisis. Of the two major events that opened and closed the year 1973—the "official" end of the war in Vietnam and the

Margulies

Arab oil embargo—the latter had infinitely graver consequences. It was the brutal revelation of the Western world's economic vulnerability that really shook the old assumptions about American foreign policy. The *de facto* admission of failure in Vietnam might rank as a humiliation, but it had little effect on our basic commitments to Western Europe and Israel. The need to reckon with the new power of the petroleum exporting countries was more than humiliating; it meant that the United States was obliged to balance off (and, if possible, harmonize) conflicting pressures from nations to which it had the closest cultural and ideological ties. The rift between Israel and Western Europe has presented our country with its most painful foreign policy choice. That is the nub of the problem.

6

Oil and the Conflicting Claims of Western Europe and Israel. From one standpoint the oil crisis strengthened the United States vis-à-vis its West European allies. Since our country's economy depended less than theirs on imports of oil, we found ourselves able to speak with greater authority on questions of economic policy than had been true at the turn of the decade. In this sense, we are currently in a better position to induce the West Europeans to coordinate their economic policies with ours. But it could turn out that Israel pays the price of such coordination. Most Europeans and a great many Americans (particularly the executives of the oil companies) believed a year ago, and still seem to believe, that Western relations with the petroleum exporting countries will automatically improve if only the Israelis can be forced to do what the Arabs demand.

That is a dangerous quarter-truth. The Arab-Israeli conflict is not coterminous with the oil question. A number of the petroleum exporting nations—for example, a very powerful one like Iran—have only a peripheral interest in that dispute. An agreement (however unlikely) between the Arabs and the Israelis would not end the oil producers' temptation once again to blackmail the Western industrial world. If the European allies would only recognize that throwing Israel to the wolves would not secure their own economic salvation, they might come to a better understanding of Washington's commitment to Jerusalem—and thereby mitigate the moral dilemma our country confronts.

7

The Nature of Our Commitments to Western Europe. Thus the economic or material facts of life in the Western industrial world undercut the moral solidarity of that world. How are we to bring the two together again? Initially, perhaps, by reminding the West Europeans of where and how our concern for them began. It was not their position as *industrial* powers that originally bound the United States to them. It was the cultural and ideological heritage they shared with America—and subsequently with Israel. Japan may be a great industrial power, but its ties to our country are less compelling than Europe's. Israel may be of minor economic importance, but its preservation ranks as our country's most urgent commitment abroad. Viewed from the perspective of cultural values, Western Europe and Israel have more in common than either seems to realize.

Cultural eminence or cultural solidarity, however, is a fragile prop to lean on unless it is buttressed by a strong economy. The example of Weimar Germany should have taught us that. What we most cherish in the Western heritage is currently threatened by long-term economic instability. We do not have to take Secretary Kissinger's gloomy Spenglerian musings at their face value in order to recognize that a protracted cycle of economic insecurity such as the major industrial nations are now traversing could lead in sober truth to a "decline of the West." A healthy economy—whether capitalist or Socialist or a mixture of the two—can alone sustain a free political and a vital cultural life. And by "healthy" one means an economy in which special-interest groups are not allowed to run rampant and in which the contracts between labor and management that increasingly govern other people's lives reflect both mutual respect and a concern for the welfare of all.

8

Is This a Solution? Obviously not. It is simply an effort to begin thinking about foreign affairs in terms of the primacy of economics that recent events have forced upon our attention. It is based on the conviction that humane and rational economic goals at home are the prerequisite for a coherent policy abroad. By the same token, they are the only reliable guarantees against succumbing to panic or to blackmail. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Moment Before the Music

WAYS OF SEEING. *By John Berger. A Richard Seaver Book. The Viking Press. 160 pp. $6.95.*

TODD GITLIN

Too much Marxist art criticism is either clumsy or impenetrable or both; it seems to address some Platonic sphere of purely Socialist reason, and it is hard to imagine for whom it is written other than for the small circle of Marxist critics, or critics of critical critiques. Hermetic in both form and content, it is scarcely translatable to audiences or, for that matter, to artists. Faced with *ex cathedra* pronunciamentos on the correct artistic line, the artist would be tempted to flee to New Criticism were New Criticism not equally narrow.

John Berger is another sort of critic altogether, and I think it is no accident that he has been a painter, and is a remarkable novelist and screenwriter *(La Salamandre, The Middle of the World)*. His criticism is in the classic tradition, for which criticism is a school for seeing rather than a school for being a critic. He is a sort of de-medievalized William Morris, freed of nostalgia for the good old days of craft, brilliantly sensitive not only to what art means but what it could mean in a decent society. He does not exhort artists, but points to both their successes and failures as indices of where we are.

His work, originally published in England, is steadily finding American audiences. Of his three early novels, I have been able to locate only one, *The Foot of Clive* (Penguin, 1970; first published 1962), which fails, I think, because a traditional novel form ill suits both Berger's show-and-tell flair and the subject (the network of dependencies and fears in a hospital ward). Berger's imagination needs to roam in something like an essay. The medical material succeeds brilliantly in his book, *A Fortunate Man: The Story of a Country Doctor* (Penguin, 1969; first published 1967), where Berger works by the method of induction. Beginning with vignettes of a doctor's life, slowly, irreversibly, vividly he makes his points about the social functions of medicine in capitalism, and asks: If this man is "fortunate," what does that say about the "unfortunate"? Here and in *Art and Revolution: Ernst Neizvestny and the Role of the Artist in the USSR* (Pantheon, 1969) are traces of a technique Berger was to embed in his latest novel, *G.*, the only one published in America (Viking, 1972; Dell paperback, 1973). Periodically, he steps back from the subject to point to the writing process itself, yet these interludes do not seem forced.

G. is "about" sexism, sex, technology and revolutionary movements in the period that has fascinated Berger most, the pre-World War I decade when it seemed that the promise of 19th-century Marxism and a world-linking technology could be redeemed by the European proletariat. This is the period about which Berger has written one of his most memorable essays, *The Moment of Cubism* (Pantheon, 1969), and which looms large in *Success and Failure of Picasso* (Penguin, 1965). In a Brechtian manner, Berger reminds us that the act of writing is historical and conscious. It would be easy to do this crudely, yet Berger is self-aware without being self-conscious. The power of Berger's writing is such that he rescues the act of writing from both art-for-art's-sake mystification and from the dreary resignation of "cultural work." Perhaps no one besides Sartre has done so much in the last thirty years to make art feel like a calling. Paradoxically, of course, it is by calling attention to the socially imposed limits of art that art gains its grandeur. Recognizing the commodity function of art in capitalism is not the same thing as achieving freedom for the artist, but it is the beginning of the struggle for that freedom. As Berger writes in *The Moment of Cubism:*

> The moment at which a piece of music begins provides a clue to the nature of all art. The incongruity of that moment, compared to the uncounted, unperceived silence which preceded it, is the secret of art. What is the meaning of that incongruity and the shock which accompanies it? It is to be found in the distinction between the actual and the desirable. All art is an attempt to define and make *unnatural* this distinction.

Berger is provocative—as in an essay on images of death, comparing the Che Guevara death photograph with Rembrandt's "The Anatomy Lesson of Professor Tulp"—without being merely clever. You don't *read* Berger, you see with him, and then he forces you to stand back and to think about what he thinks. His criticism continues a discussion that you think you've been carrying on for years, and I have the feeling he would be pleased with a strong, serious disagreement.

Ways of Seeing is based on a BBC series designed, apparently, to counter the popular shows of Sir Kenneth Clark. Having resisted watching Clark's *Civilisation* series, I can't comment on whether Berger is fair to Clark. But I have seen enough standard academic art criticism to guess that it is fair game for Berger's assault. *Ways of Seeing* is one of the few mixed-media books that is not mindless; it uses photographs and reproductions not as decoration or distraction but as material for the essay; Berger uses the full panoply of modern technique to savage the idea of art as cultural heritage—but in the name of art. That is, he wants to demystify the museum syndrome of art as self-flattering exhibition, as a pep talk for Westerners who want to believe that they run the world to some civilized end. (There are traces of this argument in an earlier essay on museums in *The Moment of Cubism and Other Essays.)* Like Walter Benjamin, whom he credits with the kernel of ideas developed here, Berger does not deplore the mechanical reproduction of art, but celebrates its liberating possibilities at the same time that he shows how it is crippled by the economic system. He makes mincemeat of art historians who are oblivious to the social content of painting, and he is exquisitely sensitive to the actual, not the Platonic, function of art in everyday life. His photo-essay on nudity and the essay that follows it, distinguishing between the female nude as an object and the naked body as a subject, is brilliant and persuasive in itself and is also a superb model for looking at both good and bad art. (It is not that Berger refuses to honor that distinction, but that he insists that any subject, properly seen, leads to an understanding of capitalist society.) That he does this without reducing art to its content is a tour de force, and he is able to do it not by dissecting the work but by seeing it—by assembling its mean-

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ing both within the work and in the social context. In *The Moment of Cubism*, he writes: "Rather than ask of a Cubist picture: Is it true? or: Is it sincere? one should ask: Does it continue?" One may likewise ask of a piece of work by Berger: Does it make you think? And almost always it does, for it treats art as a serious move into the world, and criticism too, since criticism is an assault on a world that does not allow the art to live. Where most art criticism makes one fed up not only with art and critics but with oneself for bothering to read it, Berger, by taking the artist's intention seriously, leads one to want a different society. He asks for neither art appreciation nor the banalities of "take art into the streets." His language is so simple that only later does one realize how deep his criticism goes.

The risk of this method is that when it is applied to politics properly so called, it may blur into a sort of romanticism, a view of social movements as works of art not to be judged by their appropriateness and consequences. He shows this tendency in some of the street-demonstration sequences of *G.*, and in a few hero-worship sequences in the essays. (Even here, though, he is aware of the risk.) For the most part he steers clear of aestheticizing politics, and his romanticism about art has much to recommend it in a time of self-enclosed technique. He is thoughtful yet exciting, passionate yet precise, committed yet open-eyed, knowledgeable yet not pedantic, Socialist yet not sectarian, and he shows that these qualities are not mutually exclusive. The spell cast by his books is the kind of intoxication that leads one to see things more clearly the next morning. In an age of phony academic and political either/ors, this is no small achievement. □

Menopause of a Male Radical

BLOOD DUES. *By Dotson Rader. Alfred A. Knopf. 211 pp. $6.95.*

SAM BLAZER

Self-justification is worse than the original offense.

—Sheikh Ziaudin

As long as we are not assured of immortality we shall never be fulfilled; we shall go on hating each other in spite of our need for mutual love.

—Eugene Ionesco

"Did you have any heroes, Steve?"
"No one person. I chose parts of different people, the thighs of one man, the arms of another."

—Interview with Steve Reeves
Former Mr. America and Mr. Universe

Having reached the age of 30, Dotson Rader, who until then had embodied immortality, found that he required it; that is, he now needed to arrange it, to hustle in a new way in order to die waving immortality in his fist.

In his time as a street hustler "in the life" he was still historically immortal because young and perhaps narcissistic. His work as a radical activist in the 1960s (no doubt there are some, Rader among them, who question just how radical and how activist he really was) connected him directly to immortality through the movement—his vessel, his territory, his millennium. As a writer, by definition, he has always sought immortality. At present, he tells us, he is writing more in earnest than ever, convinced that words are his most potentially effective contribution to his generation, i.e., his best chance to endure beyond it.

With his memoir, *Blood Dues*, Rader begins his campaign for endurance in lucid confusion. I must emphasize, as he does, that Rader is obsessed with the idea of having a son. Certainly he has carved father figures out of legendary men: Tennessee Williams, Norman Mailer, Dave Dellinger and Paul Goodman. It is less certain what they have made of him.

> Even now I am not sure of the final definition of [the] reality or fiction about myself, [about my sexuality]. I know it was formed during my first years in New York when I lived for a time in the streets. . . . What I hustled with was a body and face and wits enough to know when to cover and when to protect, and what to sense about a man which made him tractable, what weaknesses were there to be laid hold of, what gave you the edge. I saw life as combat between unequal sides. The youth in Williams's room reminded me of something in myself I wanted to extinguish, which I had left behind, paid for and abandoned. I do not know how to articulate what that was except to say that if you are on the streets among the bleeding dirt, punk kids up for grabs, your obsession is for the means to take you from the streets, for freedom, before what is there kills you, before, that is, you surrender your will to drugs or parlor faggotry and go under.

Blood Dues is consecrated to selectively ruthless self-scrutiny and to ruthlessly selective scrutiny of others, most of them people who have been lofted on many shoulders in many places. Rader's account itself indicates that he is dimly aware that he hasn't been staking out his immortality quite as efficiently as he once unconsciously assumed he was doing. The pursuit is ever more consuming.

Thus Rader touches all the bases, sometimes burrowing, more often merely pollinating. It's as if this were his litany: Be where it's happening, it will total forever, you will be remembered. In these pages he may be consulted about (in no particular order of importance) violence, the peace movement, *machismo*, SDS, Weatherman, *Progressive Labor, the feminists*, the working class, the blacks, prison, the Left-liberal rich, the C.P., the middle class, rip-off revolutionaries I have known, culture and society (American division), perverse chic, L.A., whores and hustlers. He may be consulted but not trusted, for reasons I'll explore later.

This is what he does with names: names them, drops them, venerates them, plants them in clay—with individually gift-wrapped hornets—often all these things synchronously. Here are some of the names: Gore Vidal, Williams, Mailer, Goodman, Dellinger, Abbie Hoffman, Yevtushenko, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden, Warhol, Ginsberg, Mishima, Jim Morrison, Gus Hall. I like the anecdote about Germaine Greer, who, when invited to appear on a letterhead with Mailer, said "I wouldn't be on a bloody lifeboat with that—!"

Even so, the whole is like a cross section of a can of worms packed and sealed in the course of the 1960s by someone unholier-than-thou and thus free to be self-righteous in a unique way; someone who has been all things to all people while being all things to himself as well. The consequent fragmentation, I think, accounts in large part for the paradox stalking Rader's confessions with the same constancy that Rader himself displays as he stalks his revelations. *Blood Dues* is self-love contemplating self-loathing. Or, more accurately, it is self-love negotiating with self-loathing; bargaining, wheeling and dealing. It's a *cri de coeur* through which Rader rends his garments with one hand while with the other he plays with himself. Go to it astutely, for it's much more deeply a manifestation of our American cultural contradictions than the analysis of them that it pledges itself to be.

We must learn to demystify Rader for

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ourselves as we read him, because his own brand of self-demystification is gaseous while seeming naked. We must reconsider all the temporizing honorable people of conviction, reputation and sincere confusion; people who cannot yet experience their center of gravity, or therefore experience their interrelationships within social and political structures seemingly so remote from their realm of possible choices and influences. This book glamorizes and feeds on some of those honorable people for its own gratification.

Blood Dues is at once candid and withheld, honest and insincere, harrowing and glib, melancholy and dazzling. It is desperate above all. Rader has learned how to abase himself in a way that pronounces the self-abasement monumentally egotistical. He understands that the longer a man in white denies his holiness from the lotus position, the holier—denial by denial—he is becoming. And who could be holier than the man in white covered with self-daubed soot? Rader treats us to judicious wallowing and judicious despair. His guise is all too correct in an age at once titillated, bemused, defined and betrayed as much by its symbols of conscience as by their stiflers; as much by its true martyrs as by its false ones.

I think Rader knows, perhaps falteringly, that despite those he damns or who damn him, Dotson Rader will always be somebody's public darling. At least for a few years more. And when you're destined always to be somebody's darling it's harder to follow the bouncing fireball of self-awareness. Not to mention personal integration.

Rader's torment is authentic. Anyone who puts himself through such endless contortions about his sexuality is in authentic torment. But the contortions also insure that the torment is expressed hypocritically, for it terrifies him into the glibness of which I've spoken. Glibness, in its turn, repeatedly coaxes torment into sentimentality, a form of incontinence.

Moreover, because Rader is an anti-homosexual lover of men—imagine Walt Whitman writing *Leaves of Grass* while undergoing aversion therapy—the torment is particularly hypocritical whenever it turns outward from itself toward older homosexuals and the casual female pickups on both of whom Rader inflicts his own sexual cacophony. Whereas other people content themselves with hearing voices, Rader hears erotic sounds. Well, congratulations.

Sounds heard notwithstanding, Rader's sexual universe is so implosive that he does not always tell the truth honestly; that is, his honesty is not always honestly motivated. For him, his own motivations are on the dark side of his brilliance. He is telling the truth for the reasons he does everything else—in order to be immortal. His truth thus becomes a fantasy about reality: the details are (presumably) verifiable, yet made to cohere by a furtive mind, by a hider in the sun.

In *Blood Dues*, then, there is the maddening situation created by genuine anguish expressed with systematic cunning. Rader writes his vulnerability with yeast; it is expansive and insensate. Any attempt to explore his sub-text is potentially libelous. He confesses without confronting, tying his own knots to the lives of others; appreciating, often identifying himself with those lives while disowning them. He persecutes in others what he fears in himself. So do I; so, I assume, do we all. What Rader does as well is persecute those with whom he identifies himself so as to persecute himself. Since he identifies himself both with the sensibility of Mailer and the sensibility of Tennessee Williams, his identity crisis is in double jeopardy.

Learning of the death of Jim Morrison, the rock singer, Rader eulogizes:

> . . . I considered him the best of my generation in this alone: he understood that unreason claimed our allegiance. His music insisted that love was sex and sex was death and therein lies salvation. . . . Morrison, I thought, misunderstood manhood. But like me he was driven to try and seize the assurance of manhood which escaped him, and in the urge he blundered, confusing style with substance. That was Morrison, all bluff, his class was that of a street hustler gone careening into impotence. . . . Morrison was all foreplay. Nothing else.

That is Rader—coming so close to describing himself, and blinded to the crucial connections by bombast. You could light a match to it. Later on in the same obituary, Rader continues, in a pilfered voice,

> At Max's, Tennessee and I talked about male hustlers and then about death and Morrison's death was mentioned again. Williams asked all of us at the table, "What was he like?"
>
> One of the boys, thinking the question meant, What was he like in bed? answered "Just another Mick cock." He told a story about him, which no one believed. But I was angered by the lisping, self-dramatic implication that Morrison made it with boys, for that would be another betrayal, taking from my world one more supportive myth that someone of my generation having been tempted went through it with his sexuality tough, hard, intact, straight, unspoiled, unconfused. And yet for me the awful suspicion took root that Morrison was as busted up and bent as I, and his sexuality as tortured as my own. . . .

Translation: Rader can respect the men to whom he's sexually attracted only if they're not homosexual. The pure products of America still go crazy! This is Rader's formulation, although he's still incapable of devising it: revolution (if not Life itself) = violence which = sexuality which = manhood which = progeny which = immortality. Compare this construct with Mailer's assertion (in *Marilyn*): "No, it must be that all acts of violence, love, and war presuppose some unconscious dialogue with eternity." If Rader has not sat at Mailer's feet he has surely kneeled and washed them.

So it's not particularly shocking—only repugnant—to observe that the women Rader mentions are in categories: (1) aggressively politicized; (2) destroyed promiscuous or prepubescent promiscuous; (3) Mother Protectress.

He has this to say about the women at the final SDS convention in July 1969:

> They were demanding a new and dramatic shift in traditional relationships, both political and carnal, and

WESTERN

Whitey, an
I don't talk, a ride it tall, lean not
mean (unless
he must) except a seldom yep to grub or
drink or horse, quick draw but quicker
quick as All in Black?
sixers slung

too near the
twitch, more lief to would than not, a
double dare
this boozehall town world aint big enough
it's you or me so jaw toward jaw they
promenade, safe folkeyes
peering out.

Black sweats
grim as near—a move, but no not yet
White coolsure
halts to roll a butt, gets one two
bellyful of lead. Meanwhile, backed at
the ranch, Mary Lou cringes
hopped up dude

fancy struck
in ruffle shirt and sneaky gun (would he
will he dare
to touch and worse?) harks hoofbeats:
hope white is Black. Make the best (of it)
will she or better death?
Never heerd tell.

Julian Cohn

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they insisted that a new seriousness be directed not only to their politics but to some remote area of their consciousness which lay outside the political and, I have to admit, outside my comprehension. There had been a shift in the structure of their being, the way in which they appreciated themselves, and this altered dramatically, at times absurdly, their mode of being in the world and thus my male response to them. For the first time women seemed confusing and threatening to me. I did not know how to respond.

Compare that with Rader's anecdote about Peg.

> Three times I walked down Sunset Strip and bought a whore named Peg. . . . [who gave] me the line that this was her first time, she was desperate for money, her friends were addicts and it was my fault, prostitution was the only trade open in a capitalist country for unskilled women. On and on.

Then there's Ruth Ford, to whom *Blood Dues* is dedicated. She is a well-connected actress, the widow of Zachary Scott. Together the Scotts were professionally associated with, among others, Faulkner and Buñuel, two of the official immortals. All these barnacles would likely be important to Rader.

Ms. Ford is a peripheral figure throughout these memoirs: a participant in the disastrous Remember-the-War benefit rally which Rader coordinated; the one who took Rader to "meet Yevtushenko at a party given in his honor by Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Heinz"; the one to whose home Rader went to stay while recuperating from a bafflingly severe nosebleed.

> When I returned to my studio [from Lenox Hill Hospital] I called Ruth, whom I love, and said I was scared to be alone anymore. . . . We never discussed what I was going through. She simply refused to let me out of her sight. I wanted to live. That was enough. In about a week I found myself writing again. I was home free.

Ruth Ford: the Mother who offers refuge, succor; the Patroness who protects, who provides the liaison with the powerful; the Reinforcer, supportive and unquestioning. Trusting, comforting, undividedly attentive; perhaps even flattered that Manhood in its prime has chosen her bosom. "Ruth, whom I love." The only other person mentioned with the same degree of enthusiasm is a man: "Ah, Mailer! How I loved him. Mailer in rugged engagement with the age. He possessed such little caution. His life and work courted risk beautifully, pursued it. They were enhanced by violence and, like some magnificent ocean predator caught on Hemingway steel, they were snagged to death."

Mailer, whose nose would never bleed except in the ring; Hemingway, who once crumpled a spoon between the muscles of his upper and lower arm, and then tried to bully Dashiell Hammett into emulating him. Hemingway, who could pay no greater tribute to anyone—man, woman or beast—than to acknowledge his *cojones*. Mailer and Hemingway: self-idealizers. And Rader is on that futile, wearisome quest for *cojones*, the quest that brought Hemingway at last to suicide and Mailer for the moment to *Marilyn*. Rader is the tortured knife-carrier caught and running forever between the supermanly impotence of being Ernest and the virile homosexuality of Paul Goodman, insatiable lover of boys, and—as if to further perplex Rader—a father. Of Goodman's death he drones:

> "Hell, he was gone and I had moved up one place closer to the front of the line. And I had no son."

Rader takes boys home and to hotel rooms where he proceeds to avoid even touching them. Intact, they become his sons. Thus he can write:

> What Arkansas [a stray from the Ozarks with whom Rader shared his chaste bed in New Orleans] represents is, I think, what Goodman and I and others on the left saw residing in similar youths which touched our concern and made us see them as adopted brothers and sons—it is America done over and lost. One hears it in their accent, in their languid, untrained speech, in the tough swagger that disguises a pathetic vulnerability. They are trained for nothing. They have no place. . . . And who is to speak for them? Who is to worry about them now that Paul is gone?

And who, for that matter, is to worry about Peg, the L.A. whore, who doesn't happen to be a "youth"?

No, Rader is "not equipped for it," not sardonically, not otherwise. This vermilion, like so much else in the book, represents a kind of social concern abstracted into a bleeding heart for the purpose of slipping by as personal truth. So Rader can withhold the meaning of his real personal truth from himself. He will not rest from the self-imposed task of avoidance. The result is more pernicious than hypocrisy, because more persuasive and more tolerated. Was it Rader's intention, I wonder, to publish a book subject to attack by the malicious and to demolition by the serious, for its fugues of sexual fascism? Does he feel a need to be punished for his sexual convolutions? Can the writer be a different man from the man he's writing about—who, in this case, happens to be himself? Or are writer and subject both separate aspects of the same perceiver? The same transmitter? Is one the idealized or monstrous or fanciful image of the other? Even when we take responsibility for creating ourselves, we become ourselves and countless others as well. For we are also created by as many people as form an impression of us during our lives.

Yet when we don't create ourselves we become susceptible to diversions like the following one:

> The week before [my talk on the political uses of violence at] Johns Hopkins, I had seen my agent in New York about getting into a B-grade Hollywood Western. . . . "All I want," I told my agent, "is a walk-on role, like where I saunter into a saloon cactus-dry and slap my hand against the bar, you know, giving a fuck-you look to the tenderfoots and desert-rot in the place, and say, 'Make it a whiskey. *Straight*. And make it pronto.' Or maybe I could do a scene where I sit at a table playing cards and at the slightest hint of cheating I murder or pistol-whip the cheating sonofabitch." Natch.
>
> Speaking at the university about violence, I wanted to be away in a movie. . . .

In a sense Rader has always been in a movie, that B-grade western, starring erratic A-grade to D-grade people on a vanishing budget; taking place everywhere, with exteriors in New York and interiors not yet sighted; no starting date for them as yet. Even so, *Blood Dues* is the complete and unexpurgated novelization of the incomplete and purged film.

Beyond the book, beyond the film, is the likeness, as Jung calls it, "of that more universal, truer, more eternal man dwelling in the darkness of primordial night," that is, of the dream. Within the last 5 pages of his masque, Rader makes a hard decision:

> And here I must tell you something I have avoided telling you but which you should know. When I was nineteen years old, in the fall, I attempted suicide in Milwaukee, where I was then living, in a tacky furnished room off Wisconsin Avenue. I spent a week or so locked in my room, not answering the telephone, letting my mind drift until I reached a state of indifference and unreality and boredom so acute that I began playing with my body as with a toy. About three in the morning I took a razor blade and slashed my wrists, and then held up my arms and, with the spurting blood as paint, drew pictures on the wall. . . . I recall that here because I am aware of what in me triggers the series of events that lead to suicide . . . the recurrence of an old dream, one I had repeatedly when I first tried killing myself, made the extremity of the situation unmistakable. I dreamed I was on the roof of a tall apartment building, on a pogo stick, bouncing on the stick along the

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edge of the roof while a large crowd of people, usually sailors, mingled below shouting up at me to jump over the edge.

"There he is the whole and the whole is in him," Jung continues.

In the name of life, I must tell Rader to jump, to dive into his sailors, nestle in them, if necessary; rest among them. And later, whenever he likes, to bounce away firmly—blood and sperm no longer in conflict, the self no longer the erotic enemy.

And when he wakes up from that dream's new ending, less attached to his very fancy psyche, perhaps he'll be ready to begin what he says he's "waiting for": the "Reconstruction." When his bleeding body sheds its bloodless psyche, perhaps he'll be thinking less of Mailer and Hemingway. With or without those two, it'll be worth it. And who knows? Maybe his *cojones* will drop. Effortlessly—after such long wanting.

The last bastion of the emotional life is fear.

—Susan Sontag

The way we understand the past is determined by the future we desire.

—Allen Wheelis □

Admitting Ethics into Psychology

DIMENSIONS OF A NEW IDENTITY. *By Erik H. Erikson. W.W. Norton & Co. 125 pp. $5.95.*

PAUL ROAZEN

The term "psychohistory" stands for an effort at interdisciplinary collaboration between psychoanalytic psychology and historical research. Erik Erikson, a Freudian author of many clinical studies but probably best known for his *Childhood and Society*, has been one of the most notable exponents of the relevancy of depth psychology to all the social sciences, and his studies of Luther and Gandhi have done much to awaken the historian's interest in exploring the inner psychological aspects of social events.

In his *Dimensions of a New Identity* Erikson acknowledges some of the social sources of the success of his ideas in America. The concept of identity crisis, for example, was welcomed "because it helped to glorify the dream of youth, with all its dangers, as a semipermanent state quite desirable on its own terms." However, the origins of Erikson's interest in ego identity lay within the developing body of psychoanalytic theory. Whereas early analysts had been fascinated with the repressed and the instinctual, in the 1920s the Freudian school began to turn its attention increasingly to the mind's mechanisms of adaptation, the means by which it copes with stresses. Although in its popular usage the term ego may sound synonymous with egotism and grandiosity, in Erikson's work it is defined as that "balancing function in mental life which keeps things in perspective and in readiness for action," mediating "between outer events and inner responses, between past and future, and between the higher and lower selves." Ego identity secures "a sense of being at one with oneself as one grows and develops, and it means, at the same time, a sense of affinity with a community's sense of being at one with its future as well as its history—or mythology."

Moving away from Freud's concentration on the Oedipal complex of early childhood, Erikson wanted to study later stages of the life cycle, such as middle age, and also to see how identity formation could explain the traditional role of religion. Despite the obvious advantages of getting away from the undue negativism of the earlier Freudian viewpoint, the more Erikson has written about true identity being anchored in what he calls "factuality," "reality" and "actuality," the more one suspects the latent conservatism that has been built into his model of personality growth. For instance, elsewhere he has tried to trace what he has called "the genius of culture," and in this book he expresses his distaste for "moralistic fervor, puritan or radical." Erikson has also offset part of the Pollyanna-ish flavor of his vision of human development by his concept of "negative identity," that which "each person and each group carries within it as the sum of all that it must not be." It seems to Erikson that "we, the adjusted, repress in ourselves our worst potentials and our best, in order not to endanger our adjustment"; and one of his favorite notions is that of "pseudo-speciation," the way "tribes and nations, creeds and classes, each . . . makes like being the human race with a glorious and ceremonially hallowed vision of itself."

An outsider might see Erikson as mainly a proponent of the uses of psychology in history, yet within his own profession he has tried to use history to broaden psychoanalytic understanding. Life history stands opposed to case history, representing an effort to focus on how a life hangs together rather than

Paul Roazen's books include Freud: Political and Social Thought (*Vintage Books*), Freud and His Followers (*Alfred A. Knopf*), *and* Erik Erikson's Identity (*forthcoming*). *He teaches political science at York University in Toronto.*

Sunday June 8, 5 P.M.

Tribute to Julian Huxley

DR. LUTHER H. EVANS
Director-General, UNESCO
1953-1958

GERARD PIEL
Publisher
Scientific American

DR. STEPHEN J. GOULD
Museum of
Comparative Zoology
Harvard University

DR. PETER MARLER
Rockefeller
Research Center

DR. GEORGE STODDARD
Former Chancellor
New York University

MATTHEW HUXLEY

EDWARD L. ERICSON
Ethical Culture Leader

DR. CORLISS LAMONT
Humanist Philosopher
(Chairman of the meeting)

A memorial concert of organ and trumpet will precede the meeting at 4:30.

11 A.M. Sunday Morning Meeting, New York Society for Ethical Culture
EDWARD L. ERICSON
"The Evolutionary Humanism of Julian Huxley"
with guest speakers
ANITA LOOS ARTHUR GOLDSCHMIDT
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breaks apart. Erikson emphasizes how "the whole ecology of greatness . . . transcends many of the assumptions which clinical work has suggested regarding the inner economy of a person." On clinical as well as historical grounds Erikson describes how Thomas Jefferson "managed to keep together and to maintain a significant function in the lives of others," as well as how he became "prototypical for his time" in fulfilling "specific needs in the lives of those who followed him."

Erikson tries to see how Jefferson's most notable neurotic symptom, migraine headaches which could be incapacitating for weeks at a time, fits in with the rest of his character in the light of the specific psychosocial conflicts of 18th-century America. But Erikson ignores the extent to which the founding fathers necessarily relied on colonial experience, and understates the darker side of their beliefs and actions, in order to highlight their commitment to unlimited progress. The psychological fascination of the American dream becomes that of "newness forever renewed," a limitless future; for Erikson the American world image was that of a self-made man, "dedicated to natural labor . . . guaranteeing a reciprocation of rights."

If one reads *Dimensions of a New Identity* for the light it casts on the historical Jefferson one is bound to be disappointed. But if one understands Erikson's book as an ethical treatise, despite his professed dislike of moralistic fervor, what he is driving at becomes clear. For he finds in Jefferson a valuable devotion to "the right to live in a community which chooses to guarantee, because it knows it lives by, the fullest development of each of its members." Erikson stresses the significance of Jefferson's interest in Jesus, and especially the Sermon on the Mount. The clinical concept of adulthood becomes Erikson's answer to the quest for "what it might mean to be a human being," and therefore to Erikson, Jefferson stands as "a man of rare adult stature, caring intensely and competent to take care of what he undertook—publicly and privately."

Erikson insists on the necessity of America's now coming "to grips with its own awareness of historical guilt, over having transgressed against humanity and nature." Although Erikson sees that "the technologically advanced modern nations have shown themselves willing to fight world wars and indulge in mass annihilation," he is optimistic enough to perceive in mankind a "painfully slow progress toward unity." Distinguishing himself from "our loudest moralists," Erikson nevertheless speaks about "our slow and zigzagging road towards the realization of specieshood for which the creation of an American identity may well be one significant model."

Clinically Erikson has stressed the key significance of the individual's attaining inner liberation, that freedom with which one might attain "the capacity to make informed choices." Therefore to Erikson inner emancipation requires more than the promise of political and economic equality, though it is unattainable without it. He finds confirmation of his own clinical position in Jefferson's ideals, holding that mankind possesses "a moral core that, if given leeway to manifest itself in mutual activation with others will tend to make ethical and rational choices." And this remains, for Erikson, "a basic developmental truth." □

THEATRE

ROSE MARY MECHEM

"The Brechtian theatre is a theatre designed to arouse indignation in the audience, dissatisfaction, a realization of contradictions. . . ."

—Martin Esslin,
Brecht: The Man and His Work

"The reason we picked this play was that once we read it we couldn't stop talking about it, couldn't stop arguing about it."

—Leonardo Shapiro,
Director of The Shaliko Company

Courage, *chutzpah* or rashness? A small company struggling to establish a reputation in the New York theatre decides to stage (at the Public Theatre) Bertolt Brecht's most controversial play, a play banned in the Communist world since its first staging in Berlin in 1930, a play whose debut in the United States took place before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which commissioned the first English translation as a weapon to attack its author. And not only does the company select a play that is condemned from both the Left and the Right; they also decide to throw it open to the audience between scenes for discussion.

"Dreadful," said Brechtian scholar, translator and interpreter Eric Bentley. "Unforgivable," wrote Martin Gottfried in his review for the *New York Post*. "A distinct mistake," commented a London critic. But no one had more serious misgivings than the cast itself when director Leo Shapiro announced two days before *The Measures Taken* opened last fall that "you're going to talk to the audience." (The audience is asked to assume the role of Russian students attending a control commission's hearing in Moscow, at which four agitators recently returned from abroad are reporting on their mission.)

"It sounded like the stupidest thing I had ever heard of," says Jerry Mayer, who plays one of the agitators, "until I saw how it works, dramatically." And it does work—so well that after its first extended run, which ended in January, it played again this spring, and will reopen in the fall, in repertory with the Shaliko production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. "It's a strange thing," says Mary Zakrzewski who, as chief of the control commission, has to moderate the discussion while staying in character as a tough-minded but compassionate Communist administrator. "You start to develop a relationship with the audience. They are very personal, real relationships that are only there for an hour. I mean, you never see these people again. It's in one way very nice and in another very terrifying."

"With this show, what the people out front get is what they put into it," says cast member Susan Topping who, as recording secretary of the control commission, makes it part of her stage business during each performance to keep a running log on comments from the audience in their participating role of Moscow students. "All that is needed is one catalyst."

Contrary to the suspicions of some skeptics, the catalyst is *never* a "plant." Just one remark or leading question from a member of the audience is enough to start a verbal rally, and usually that person turns up. Anonymity and the warm, dark obscurity of this cubicle of a theatre do the rest. Like individuals who are unable to confide in close friends but will overwhelm strangers with details of their personal lives, the audience, on a good night, will throw off all restraints as they deluge one another with their most deeply felt beliefs.

"I used to think I could judge the audience by watching them when they came in; that I could tell what the pattern of their responses would be," says Shapiro, who estimates he has seen 120 performances. "I was right about 50 per cent of the time."

Traditionally, Sunday afternoon at the Public Theatre brings out a crowd of elderly women ("a lot of Joe Papp's friends," a cast member confides, not unkindly). Sure-fire for a dull afternoon, right? Wrong. They soon became a favorite audience. "Some of those little old ladies have very good opinions,"

Rose Mary Mechem studied for the theatre, acted for a few years and then shifted to journalism, which she now practices as a senior reporter for Sports Illustrated.

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says Jim Carrington, who plays an agitator. "They're talkative and they stick with their ideas, man."

The worst audience, everyone in the cast agrees, is critics who, as one player puts it, "are too uptight to react." Critics are not the only ones, however, who get uptight at the idea of audience participation. For many people it is a threatening experience. You go to the theatre, a paying guest, expecting a little diversion, and suddenly you're asked to look alive, to participate, to *commit* yourself. You are no longer in a sanctuary, safe and alone with your own thoughts. Your brain has been mugged. Your sense of individual freedom and privacy has been rudely assaulted. But that, it turns out, is exactly what the evening is all about: you are asked to sit in judgment over the case of individual freedom vs. social necessity. It is Brecht's dilemma, and for you, sitting there in the dark, it is also your dilemma.

All the philosophical contradictions and personal ambivalences of Brecht the Communist and Brecht the artist are contained in *The Measures Taken*, one of a series of his didactic plays. Less than an hour long, it was written as an oratorio (music by Hanns Eisler), and first performed with a full orchestra and the Greater Berlin Workers' Choir of 400 voices. At the Public Theatre's littlest theatre it is performed by a cast of seven plus a piano player in a 40 by 24 foot theatre with a stage area of 18 feet square. Brecht once called the play "a limbering-up exercise for those athletes of the spirit that good dialecticians must be."

As far as anyone knows, he never intended that the viewers should join the actor-athletes in the limbering-up exercise, but he certainly would have been amused by the dialectics. For every interpreter in the house who claims the moral of the play is that the end justifies the means, there is another who claims that the moral is to prove the opposite. For every interpreter who believes the moral is that ultimate justice for all takes precedence over attention to every individual injustice, there is another who believes the moral is that communism is ultimately unjust to everybody. For every interpreter who sees the play (written in 1930) as a "forewarning of Stalin's purge trials," there is another who claims that "the only moral of this play is that Trotsky must be eliminated."

While audiences in general defy typecasting, they do tend to follow recurrent tracks of thought. This predictability helps prevent the situation from getting out of hand for the actors, who have learned to program their responses to fit these patterns. Topping recently went through her notes on audience comments and found she could break them into about five general categories: reason vs. emotion; individual need vs. collective good; responsibility for self vs. responsibility for others; small injustice vs. large injustice; means vs. end.

The audience (or that portion that chooses to accept the role assigned it) has a certain responsibility to the actors as the price of participation in the production. It is minimal, but essential. "All we say," Shapiro explains, "is that we will accept that you are students if you will accept that we are agitators and controllers. But not everybody who pays admission is willing to play the game under the accepted rules. This drives the cast crazy. People will make allusions to current things."

The play is set in 1919. One evening recently, Jerry Mayer, cast as one of the agitators, had a run-in with a playgoer who took the game out of bounds:

Mayer (making a point): The fact is that we were successful in Mukden. That's the fact.

Playgoer: You weren't successful till 1949.

Mayer (showing surprise): You've been there?

Playgoer: I may have been.

Mayer (exasperated): He travels in time.

(*general laughter*)

"When you get far away from the specifics of the issue, then the audience begins to get out of place. You want to get them to concentrate on what the character, the young agitator who was killed by his comrades, did then and there and what that means," says third control commissioner Tom Crawley.

Sometimes people want to pick flaws in Brecht's plot construction. "And there are many," Shapiro concedes. At one performance, an imposing middle-aged woman in front row center balked at the fact that the five agitators had been able to "blot out" their Russian identities and disguise themselves as Chinese.

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Zakrzewski tried to reason with her but the woman had a point. Being good-natured, she finally sighed, "Well, all right, I'll go along with it." Somewhat timidly the comrade commissioner smiled back. "As long as it's agreeable," she nodded. And the show went on.

Other moments were not smoothed over so easily. Zakrzewski still remembers one of them with agony; it happened right at the start of the first discussion. A dapper young man in horn-rimmed glasses shouted from the rear: "Why are you discussing this? This discussion is useless. I'm not going to say anything. Why don't we just see what Brecht says?"

"I took the coward's way out," Mary says. With all the haughtiness she could command, she announced to the audience that "in deference to the man who doesn't like to think out loud, we'll go on."

"Well," she recalls, "the audience was afraid to talk for the rest of the show. I got intimidated, the audience got intimidated and that was the end of any discussion for that night."

On most occasions the commissioner is more than a match for troublemakers. On opening night, a few of the critics in attendance *played* at being involved. Next day one of them observed in his review that their comments always "inspired marvelous put-downs by the chairman of the commission, who had only to repeat our words in a properly sneering tone in order to establish the childishness of our approach."

"I'm actually scared to death of the audience," Zakrzewski says. "I'm a very shy person." She is in fact the very converse of a stereotypical commissar, confessing that one of the reasons Shapiro picked her for this role was that she is not very political. "He thought it would be easy for me to stay objective," she says. "But he was wrong about that. When the discussion gets interesting, I keep wanting to voice my opinions instead of staying in character. I get mad at someone in the audience because they don't bring up a point that someone brought up a week ago that I very much liked. I feel like bringing up the point but I can't."

Others also find it hard to keep their emotions under control. Mayer, volatile by nature, admits that he hates the audience sometimes. Recalling a recent performance, he says, "There were two guys there I really wanted to shake up. But at the same time there was a gentleman with white hair down front that I loved. I thought, boy, is that guy live. I wanted to hear what he said. I wanted to shoot the two on the left."

Most of the time, however, the cast —and especially the commissioner—is involved not in loving or hating, agreeing or sneering but simply in trying to steer the dialogue into channels that will illuminate the basic contradictions of the play. For it is the contradictions that explain its intellectual appeal and make it what Brecht called a "learning play."

The device of bringing the audience into the act may be the key to the popularity of the Shaliko Company's production of a play that has seldom enjoyed success. The message in *The Measures Taken* is enigmatic. The individual, viewing it, is at the mercy of his own subjective impressions. The audience, as a collective, provides a kaleidoscope of insights, finding freshness in dogma, ambivalences hidden in rote, passion beneath rhetoric and humanity in revolution. The didactic becomes the dialectic. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Without one important new ballet, the opening program of the New York City Ballet's Ravel Festival fizzled. The important one was presumably to have been Balanchine's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, the lyrical fantasy whose first production in 1925 marked the one occasion when Balanchine worked with Ravel. Elaborately produced and running for almost an hour under the baton of Manuel Rosenthal, a guest conductor from the Paris Opera and a protégé of Ravel, *L'Enfant* certainly dominated the program. It was not only a stupendous bore but might go down in history as one of Balanchine's few true-blue flops. Since 1949, when I first started watching him, there have been only two others, *Electronics* and *Pamtgg*. However misguided and silly, at least they were not boring.

For *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, Balanchine could have chosen to stage full-out dances or *tableaux vivants*. Instead, he followed a middle course, with the result that all the activities on stage looked half-baked and tentative. (The sags between episodes were of Rosenthal's doing, however, and just how much of the evening's drowsiness can be attributed to his conducting is worth speculation.) Several episodes that should have been sure-fire triggers to Balanchine's wit and sense of fantasy, such as the dance for two cats, or the one for papa frog and little ones, cleverly cast with children, never got past the first idea. The ensemble dance for dragonflies, which was on the verge of becoming the opera's dancing centerpiece, was sheer hack work reminiscent of Grigorovich's lagoony dances for the ladies. The princess' part could also have been a full-scale dance but, for an inexplicable reason, Balanchine decided to cast it into semi-pantomime, as though Christine Redpath's long blonde hair and stonily petulant expression could tell the whole story. Even with Redpath, however, the pantomimic approach could have been interesting had it been fully etched. Production numbers such as *L'Enfant*, *Pulcinella* and Act I of *Don Quixote* have a way of stultifying Balanchine's imagination and navigability. Coexistence between *mise en scène*, décor and dancing becomes elusive. Often operating on the principle that décor will carry the action, the dances actually throw in the sponge. Having spent his life making dancing the supreme element in ballet, perhaps it is senseless now for Balanchine to let décor back into the picture. Another possibility is to let it really in. *L'Enfant* might have been a success had the stage action been wholeheartedly static.

Then too, it was burdened with the continuous presence of one Paul Offenkrantz in the title role. Conceptually, the use of a real little boy instead of a soubrette soprano as L'Enfant is excellent because it grounds Ravel and Colette's fantasy in reality and treats the story at face value, seriously. But the poor boy did not once sing to the audience, and the only time he looked at them was during his curtain call. His hunched back was an alarmingly accurate caricature of an 80-year-old man's posture, but his nonreaction to the fantastical events around him suggested not so much venerable wisdom as an experiential vacuum.

Concerto in G, a candidate for "major" status by virtue of the score's importance in the Ravel canon, is rather one of Robbins' Sunday outings. Sunday outings can be important of course, but only by accident. Many of the sleight-of-hand devices in *Concerto in G* feel contrived—and there goes everything, importance and unimportance. Why, in the opening tableau, does one girl face the back of the stage when everyone else is facing front? Why does Robbins try to twist an ungainly squatting position—a *plié* in second position, that is, with the legs far apart—into a perky image? And why does he repeat this contorted attempt at originality so that it becomes the women's motif? *Concerto in G* relaxes into pleasantness as it

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progresses, with one or two moments of genuine humor, but the credibility gaps rising out of the first few moments make it difficult for the ballet to be as disarming as it is supposed to be.

In any case, it turns out that the nub isn't jazzy insouciance but a dreamy walking on air duet for Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins. Martins floats Farrell around the stage so that her limbs soar and her body collapses and recovers without a ruffle, without any hint of exertion and hence of passion. Robbins' proposal that dancing be literally effortless I find particularly inhumane and misrepresentative of the art, unless effortlessness becomes a projection of ahumanity or godliness, as in "The Unanswered Question" section of *Ivesiana*. Robbins' duet is an adolescent fantasy of what dancing, and romance, should look and feel like. Even when exploited so, Farrell transcends all. She is one of the few who can move as noiselessly as Robbins' duet demands and, although one could have begged for some choreographic counterpoint or friction to set off her innate qualities of movement, she looked gorgeous as Farrell imitating Farrell.

Balanchine's *Sonatine*, a duet for Violette Verdy and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, is actually delicious and skillful, but it needed to be set off by a big, complicated opus; as the opener of the Ravel Festival, it got lost in the shuffle. All *Sonatine* is, is a stroll for two. Verdy walks on *pointe*; Bonnefous is her escort. Occasionally he turns her under his arm or skims her off the ground, so that her feet can prick the air as a continuum of the ground—and that's it. What's so fascinating about this stroll is the way Balanchine can change the shape of a phrase merely by changing its line of direction. Similarly, Verdy can change the steps through small changes in dynamics—by the way she spins her head more or less sharply in turns, steps onto *pointe* with greater or lesser degrees of accent, extends her front leg in preparation for a *posé* with more or less turnout and whipping motion, which then colors that *posé* with more or less piquancy. Verdy can sometimes be too fussy in phrasing, losing the musical arch for the details, but Balanchine has made *Sonatine* with built-in crannies for her coloratura style. What more intelligent tribute can a dancer such as Verdy receive?

Stationed on stage, the piano gives *Sonatine* an air of intimacy, but the dancing, although on a consistently small scale, is formal. I think that what I admire most about *Sonatine* is Balanchine's decision and ability to sustain that small scale within a formal context, to be unpretentious without being pretentious about it. Almost anyone else would have been tempted to dress it up at some point, certainly to work toward a climax. *Sonatine* ends with what is usually a climax, a ménage of turns around the stage and into the wings, but in this ballet the device has the effect of making dancers and dance go poof into thin air. In ending on the sly, *Sonatine* sticks to its guns. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"It takes only one great artist to keep a tradition alive." That is the aphoristic opening of William Rubin's book on Anthony Caro, whose sculpture can be seen at the Museum of Modern Art until July 6. The observation can apply to historical studies of sufficient remoteness, as in classical archaeology, where the reconstruction of lost sequences of work from fragmentary remains may throw up one man who must stand for a tradition. Under such circumstances the accident of survival confers arbitrary dominance. However, to deal like that with the art of the present, in which we have something approaching full information, does violence to our sense of evidence and ideas.

Rubin proposes a main line of sculpture that starts with Picasso, though only *some* of his occasional sculpture fits. Next comes David Smith, who picked up Picasso's mode of linear sculpture made of separate metal pieces. Then Caro is brought on as the only living exponent of the tradition invented solely to serve him. The daftness of this argument has a vicious side, inasmuch as sculpture that is not part of the "tradition" is devalued or suppressed: after all, it lacks "centrality." Thus we are asked to exchange Russian Constructivism and American Minimal sculpture for—Anthony Caro. In addition, Rubin's comparison of his star with other artists is flagrantly one-sided, as in his dismissal of Mark di Suvero (soon to be shown at the Whitney Museum and points around New York City). Rubin refers to an early phase of his work as being merely Franz Kline's paintings done in three-dimensions with beams and chains and ignores his later metal pieces which, like Caro's, are asymmetrical constructions.

Why does Rubin have to construct such a totalitarian case for Caro? O.K., he likes him, and why not? But to go from this to a clenched distortion of the history of 20th-century sculpture is something else. Rubin is plagued by a virtuoso historicist imagination. Once he sees what he takes to be the shape of history he moves like a train along rails that he lays as he goes but which seem to him self-evident. Picasso's "Monument" in the garden of the museum is a key piece in the "tradition." It is based on a work of 1928 but the enlargement at the Modern was carried out on Rubin's initiative in the early 1970s with Picasso's consent. Here Rubin is not only strengthening the museum's collection; he is building up the "tradition" that is supposed to culminate in Caro.

The multiple symmetries that should exist among the members of a real tradition are skimpy. Rubin's tradition is

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an aesthetic shared mysteriously by supposedly like minds in an evocative generational sequence (Picasso was born in 1881, Smith in 1906, Caro in 1924). What follows of course is the downgrading of other more numerous traditions that are less elect by definition. What also follows is neglect of the specific historical situation from which Caro emerged and to which he belongs. For instance, Rubin cites Giacometti's table sculpture as a predisposing factor in Caro's development of a literal space in sculpture, but he does not mention that this aspect of Giacometti had been used earlier by Eduardo Paolozzi, a friend and neighbor of Caro's in London. Rubin does not want any local intermediaries to divert the contact of great minds: thus it has to be Giacometti and Caro, not Giacometti, Paolozzi and Caro. Rubin mentions Caro as a teacher at the St. Martin's School of Art in London, but he does not add that Paolozzi also taught there, or that his ideas of an art open to the environment may have influenced Caro's abandonment of the vertical, implicitly figurelike, posture in sculpture. (Paolozzi was exceedingly influential in the 1950s.)

Caro's sculpture is, as Rubin notes, "chosen rather than made": that is to say, he uses pre-existing metal rods and beams, but avoids regular or symmetrical arrangements. Neither modules nor monoliths appear in his work. What we get are intricately compositional sculptures, "relational," to use a jargon word. Thus Caro's materials are those of Constructivism but his syntax is that of traditional sculpture. Large and small forms or upright and tilted ones create piquant contrasts, cantilevered rods confer on extended structure a sense of floating, and all over paint gives a carnival charm. Caro's work is not to be grasped from one point of view (as with American Minimal sculpture), but is insistently three-dimensional in its variety. One has to circle each piece to see how the asymmetries conceal spatial surprises and how new effects pop up as you keep walking.

Rubin is slightly sensitive to the question, what does it mean? He dismisses correctly another critic's suggestion that there are somatic analogies between the sculpture and ourselves. (The notion of empathy, originally applied to Renaissance figure sculpture, can hardly be revived and applied to loose-jointed lateral-axis sculptures.) He suggests tentatively that the successive form of the sculpture is like "the unfolding of a sentence." Such hints of discourse may be akin to "the processes of thought," he speculates. His tentativeness is well-founded. The notion that the array of a sculpture is like thinking reveals the extent to which Rubin's own thinking about art is formal rather than semantic. Scattered through his text are cues, not followed up because of Rubin's master plan, as to the nature of Caro's art. In his horizontally spreading pieces Rubin observes an "anti-expressionist optimism—even gaiety." He suggests that there is something specifically English about Caro's "lightness of touch, casualness and digression." And of a bent pipe in the sculpture "Early One Morning" he observes that it provides "a touch of humor."

Caro's work, though large in scale, is light in effect. This lightness is produced by the color which, though monochrome, is bright or bland. It is the result also of the way in which large metal units are, so to say, tossed about until they settle in improvised and weightless configurations. There is a nice wit about the hefty pieces seeming to have been wafted around. The tools of metal-working make it easy for sculptors to expand in scale while preserving a range of capricious effects of balancing or support or apparent teetering. What has happened is that this technical facility has led, except in the case of sculptors who have seen the risk and defended themselves by acts of powerful simplification, to a revival of the Picturesque. This theory of landscape painting and architecture, as it developed in the 18th century, stressed such formal properties as contrast, variety, lightness, wit, surprise. The perambulation of the spectator was an essential part of the technique of successive divulgement. Those are the characteristics of Caro's sculpture and not the grandiose "modernism" put on it by Rubin. □

AT THE CLIFFS OF MOHER

Two nuns in a high wind
At the sheer cliff's edge,
Their habits blowing like sails,
Lean forward and back,
The waves whirling
With tiny, soundless white lips
Straight down,
Look up and around, point to a bird
And laugh lightly,
Their hands pressed together
Maintaining,
Like yachts in rough seas,
Their reckless, beautiful poise.

James Cole

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I had planned to skip Mike Nichols' *The Fortune*, on the theory that the less said the sooner forgotten, but I'm the creature of advertising, like any good American, and when I see a full page in *The New York Times* splattered with "best ever" judgments, I feel an obligation to add that dubious fare can taste good if only you're hungry enough.

Certainly, we're hungry for farce and certainly *The Fortune* intends to be farcical (you can tell that by Jack Nicholson's home-barbered wig). The plot is as follows: Warren Beatty intends to transport his gaga darling, Stockard Channing, across state lines for immoral purposes, but since the time is the 1920s, when the Mann Act was still to be feared, he wishes to take precautions. So he proposes that Nicholson, over whom he holds the threat of exposure for embezzlement, marry the girl and come along as the designated husband, while he poses as her brother. This has farcical possibilities; it also has queasy overtones, and the script plays for the latter more than the former. Beatty is a wooden comic (he mugs his gags) and Nicholson, for all that he is made to look a little like Stan Laurel, is incapable of sustaining Laurel's innocence; his leer is for real. (I suffered with him when he was obliged to recite a long, allegedly side-splitting anecdote about his mother's menstruation.) Moreover, the material is no help—it is noisy, improbable but not original and messily sexy; the exuberance and surprise of farce are nowhere in sight.

And when the less than lovable rogues set out to kill the girl for her fortune, their malevolence seems as authentic as their witlessness. Nichols appears to think that murder for profit is funny in itself—it is not, and ringing cliché turns on incompetence and alcoholic bravado do not make it so. People who call *The Fortune* a "gem" should steer clear of diamond auctions, and those who compare it to the great era of Hollywood slapstick have forgotten the inventive high spirits of that time. *The Fortune* is tasteless; to be more precise, its content is stale and its tone is rancid. □

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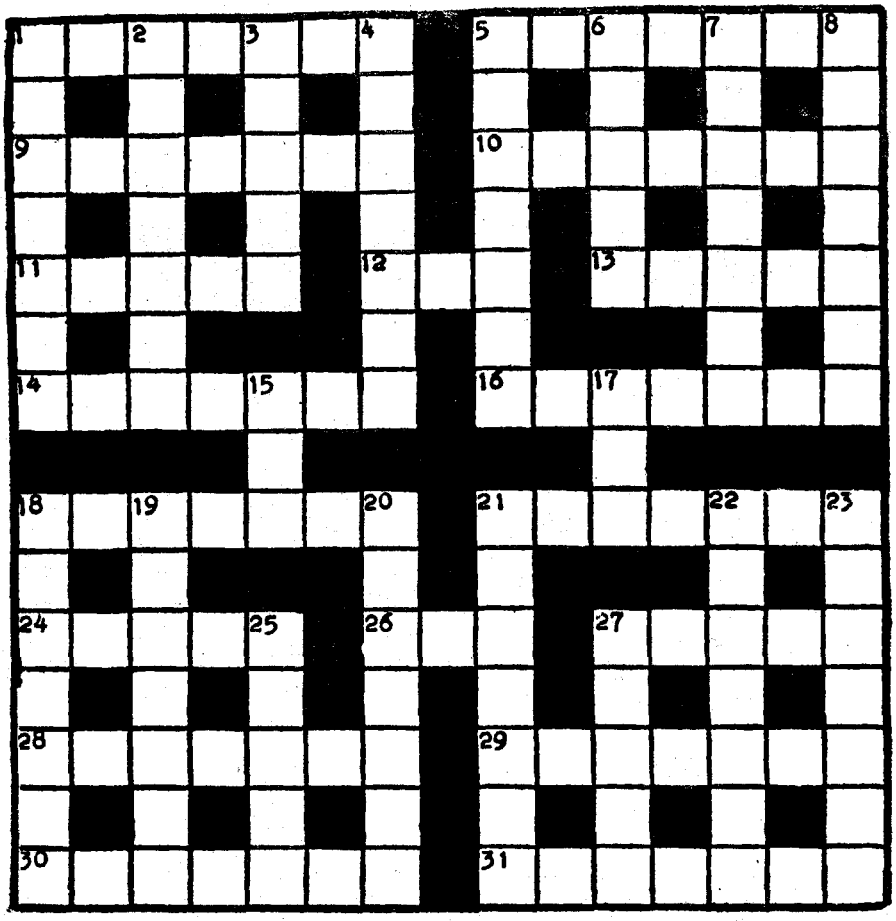

ACROSS

1 and 5 No yellow? One shouldn't stop so! (7,7)
9 Sales decoration of old? (John's country relative had one, in other words.) (7)
10 An old-time lover, possibly remembered for his slips. (7)
11 He was bound to take his turn. (5)
12, 15 and 27 down A vampire might be with a vengeance. (3,3,5)
13 Both on guard, to show what might fasten things inside. (5)
14 Nude film, without exceptional beginning, might make you attentive. (7)
16 What might be worn? Look in the transport.
18 A short time with nothing having the spirit of propriety. (7)
21 The glove one carries has to be casual. (3-4)
24 Extort, to be precise. (5)
26 See 17 down
27 Might it make a philosopher rasher? (5)
28 Split-shingle might be basic. (7)
29 Change speed on foot, marked by signs of stress. (7)
30 A plotter might have them. (7)
31 See 1 down

DOWN

1 and 31 across Bill (and one associated with a waggish following) for college? (7,3,4)
2 Stretched to the limit, you'll have it. (7)
3 Pertaining to decimal, frequently? (5)
4 Could be a liter of extract from clover, perhaps. (7)
5 It may be outdated, but Shaw made it associated with Monday once. (7)
6 A rod or a perch might be used for it. (5)
7 False guise no one might associate with a burning cause. (7)
8 There's a lot of idle talk about what's in vogue for the protection of cars. (7)
15 See 12 across
17, 26 and 18 down One way to approach pool? People lose their cool this way. (3,3,4,3)
19 Makes the note silver, perhaps; some ringers make them. (7)
20 Is just like lighters, perhaps. (7)
21 In the main, it's endlessly 18 down. (4,3)
22 A song about someone who is no gentleman, but the setting is simple. (7)
23 In a manner impenetrably stupid. (7)
25 Not a thick string, but only one with an obsession has it. (5)
27 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1587

ACROSS: 1 Malediction; 9 Prorogue; 10 Primps; 11 Banners; 12 Fiancee; 15 The Press; 17 Faddists; 20 and 8 down On one's uppers; 22 Pompoms; 24 Atomism; 26 Jaguar; 27 Girl Talk; 28 Strike a pose. DOWN: 2 Aaron's rod; 3 Engorge; 5 Topside; 6 Onion; 7 Breach; 13 Stash; 16 Roommates; 18 Amoral; 19 Samurai; 20 Outcrop; 21 Easels; 23 and 4 Poultices; 25 and 14 Oglethorpe.

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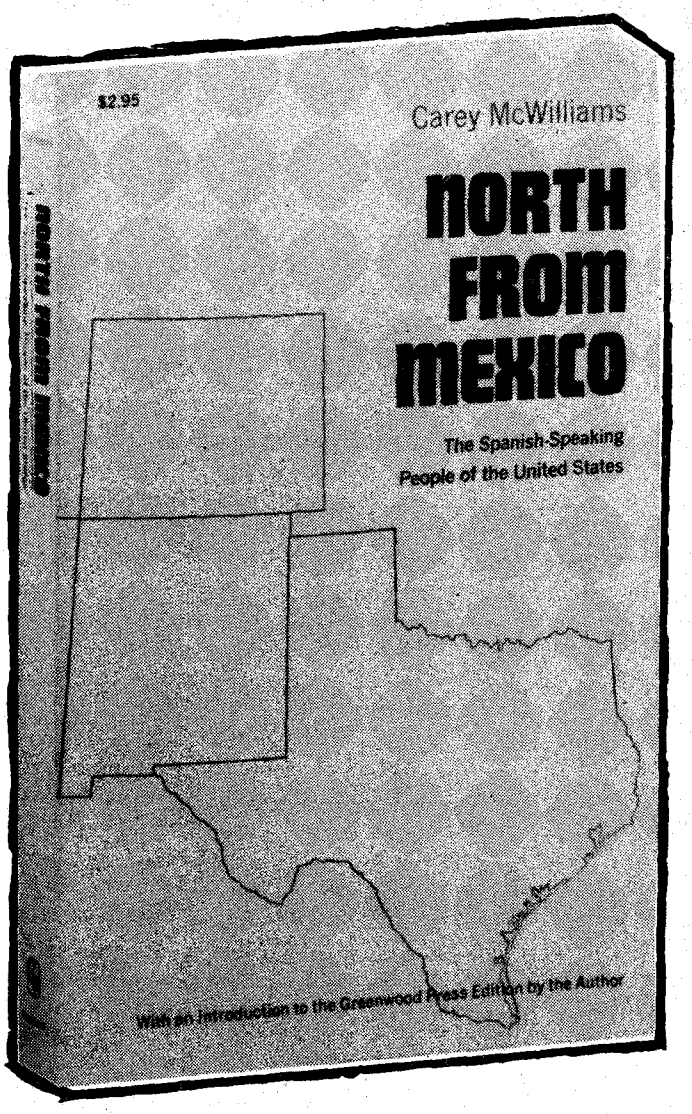
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